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## OUR GRIFFLING GROVES.

Through the cypress forests borne  
On the Oklawaha's wing,  
Threading many a maze turn,  
Wind we to the silver spring,  
There, beneath our floating keel,  
Hued with many a rainbow dye,  
Sparkling gems their lights reveal  
To our semi-tropic sky.

Southward, upward, thence our course  
Seeks where golden morning breaks  
On our Okla's mystic source,  
In the land of silver lakes.  
There our Griffling Groves are seen,  
Rippling in the torrid ray;  
Golden groves in glossy green,  
Orange groves of Florida!

Griffling! On thy glassy deep,  
Through thy soft ideal air,  
Sweep our boat as will-ducks sweep,  
Onward as our pathways bear.  
Mark, as up the azure hue,  
High the silver cloudlet soars,  
Swift recedes the dome of blue,  
Swiftly wanes the emerald shores.

When the coming summer's star  
Sleeps, in solitude and dreams,  
On thy bosom, we afar  
Court the north-star's glacial beams.  
O'er that northern home, when lowers  
Autumn's sky, how fondly roves  
Memory to the "Land of Flowers,"  
Dreaming o'er our Griffling Groves.

"Lake Griffin, the source of the celebrated Oklawaha river, is the most beautiful of a circle of lakes in Central Florida. Its shore is lined with a range of natural orange groves, near two miles in length, producing, perhaps, the most perfect specimens of the fruit in the world. Half way up the length of the Oklawaha we find the Silver Spring, remarkable for its transparency and brilliant hue, and supposed to have been the origin of Ponce de Leon's myth of 'the fountain of youth.' The above lines commemorate a journey up the river in 1874."

D. D. W.

## THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

### SECOND PAPER.

According to these teachers, the first act of faith is the occasion on which the Holy Spirit eternally incorporates the believer into the risen and glorified body of Jesus Christ. Since He will never cut off a finger or toe, or any other part of Himself, it follows that every believer once incorporated into Christ is absolutely sure of ultimate salvation. The certainty is forever beyond contingencies. No act of sin, even murder, can remove us from our standing in Christ. Sin may obstruct communion, and leave the soul in sadness and darkness for a season; but since, as Shakespeare says, "All is well that ends well," sin in a believer is well since it ends in eternal life. The proof of this doctrine is the oft-recurring words "in Christ" literally interpreted; also Eph. v. 30: "For we are members of His body." The clause, "of His flesh, and of His bones," which is rejected by Alford as spurious, is strongly emphasized as a proof of a literal incorporation into the person of Christ. A little attention to the context will show that literal embodiment in Christ cannot be meant without implying the actual incorporation of the husband and wife in "one flesh." Another favorite proof-text is Eph. ii. 6, which is understood as teaching that all believers are, in their judicial standing, literally "sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

It may be safely said that the Plymouth doctrines find their basis in a literalizing of figures, ingenious allegorizing of facts, and a straining of types. The best specimens of typology run wild, are found in the Plymouth commentaries. For instance: In order to prove that it was not the mission of the Comforter to sanctify the pentecostal Church and to destroy sin in the hearts of full believers, this is the line of argument which is thought to be unanswerable: Heaven always stands for sin. In Lev. xiii, 16, 17, is the command to put leaven into the bread for Pentecost. Therefore there was sin in the pentecostal Church after it was

filled with the Holy Spirit, whose office is not to cleanse believers from all sin, but to incorporate them into Christ up in the sky. This is the argument of their greatest annotator, McIntosh, whose exegetical skill and spiritual insight are by some of the brethren attributed to an inspiration almost plethoric. Says another writer, J. R. C.: "We know that Moses in the law spoke of Christ. These ancient enactments were shadows, in many, if not in all, cases, of good things to come." Then from the Mosaic requirement that "the man who hath taken a wife shall not go out to war, but shall be free at home one year to cheer his wife," he gravely argues that this signifies that Christ will not go forth to battle until He has remained with the saints a certain period at home in a kind of honeymoon. Here is a specimen of Major Whittle's typology, whose doctrines are all drawn from the Plymouth Brethren: First, he assumes, without a particle of proof, that the ark is a type of Christ. Secondly, all who went into the ark in the old world came out in the new; none died, none were lost. Hence all who are once in Christ will be infallibly saved! Admit the premises, and the demonstration is irresistible.

These teachers have a special hostility to the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection, against which they oppose perfection in Christ. They are very shy of the term "perfect love," since this, as used by St. John, evidently refers to our love to God: "Herein is our love made perfect." This is not God's love to us, as some say, "for," says Alford, "this is forbidden by the whole context." Inwrought personal holiness is denied as ministering to pride, while a constant declaration of inward vileness, and of a fictitious purity by the imputation of Christ's purity, is supposed to conduce to our humility and Christ's exaltation.

The Plymouth idea of entire sanctification is exceedingly complex and contradictory. First, in our standing we are as holy as Christ; secondly, in our flesh we are perfectly pure, the old man being incapable of improvement; thirdly, the new man is perfectly pure, being a new creature by the Spirit, and hence not needing sanctification. This statement is highly suggestive of the celebrated kettle pie:—

1. Our client never borrowed the kettle; 2. It was cracked when he borrowed it; 3. It was whole when he returned it.

But, nevertheless, there is an exhortation to practical holiness in most of the writings of the Brethren, on this wise: "Be holy down here because ye are holy up there" (in Christ). "Strive to make your state correspond with your standing." Yet this motive to Christian purity is neutralized by the assurance that the believer's standing in Christ is eternal anyhow, just as the exhortation to sinners to repentance by a Universalist is a motive of no force since ultimate salvation is certain. Says McIntosh: "God will never reverse His decision as to what His people are as to standing." "Israel's blessedness and security are made to depend, not on themselves, but on the faithfulness of Jehovah." "We must never measure the standing by the state, but always the state by the standing. To lower the standing because of the state, is to give the death-blow to all progress in practical Christianity." That is to say, the fruit must always be judged by the tree; to judge the tree by the fruit is to give the death-blow to practical pomology!

The opening verse of 2 Cor. xii, speaks of visions and revelations of the Lord; the closing verse condemns uncleanness and fornication and lasciviousness not repented of. "In the former," says McIntosh, "we have the positive standing of the Christian; in the latter, the possible state into which he may fall if not watchful." Yet he keeps his Christly standing amid all his unwholesome wallowings! This is Plymouth Brethrenism in a nut-shell. Here is another: "In John xiii, the Lord Jesus looks at His disciples, and pronounces them 'clean every whit;' although in a few hours one of them was to curse and swear that he did not know Him. So vast is the difference between what we are in ourselves and what we are in Christ—between our positive standing and our possible state." (Notes on Leviticus.)

These theologians make a nice distinction between *consciousness* of sin and *consciousness* of sins, where neither the Bible nor moral science affords the least ground for this distinction. "The former," say they, "is guilt; the latter is the normal experience of all believers. They ever feel the motions of sin within their hearts." Whereas consciousness is nothing more than consciousness when the question of right or wrong is before the mind.

Here is another distinction vital to the Plymouth system: "It is of the utmost importance that we accurately distinguish between sin in the flesh and sin on the conscience. If we confound these two, our souls must, necessarily,

be unbathed, and our worship marred." Then follows the Scriptural distinction in 1 John i, 8-10: "If we say that we have no sin (in us), we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." In the next verse we find the sin on us—"the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." What becomes of the sin in us when all sin is cleansed, the writer does not deign to say; but he does say that, "Here the distinction between sin in us and sin on us, is fully brought out and established."

It is so "fully brought out" that it took 1,800 years for Bible readers to discover it, and then only through Plymouth eye-glasses! From Augustine to Darby this has been a standing proof-text against entire sanctification, which is as plainly taught in the passage as the sun in the heavens. Let any candid mind read the context, and he will see that the clause, "If we say we have no sin," means, if any unregenerate man denies that he has any sin which needs the atonement, or that he has ever sinned, as it is in verse ten, he deceives himself. No writer would so stultify himself as to say that he who is cleansed from all sin in the seventh verse, is a dupe and a liar in the eighth verse, if he testifies to the all-cleansing blood. John must be written down as utterly self-contradictory to say that he that is born of God sinneth not, and then brand with deception and falsehood the man who should profess that by grace he was kept from sin. Yet this passage wrenched from its context is the proof constantly reiterated, that there is no salvation from sin in this life. The absurdity of this text as a proof of indwelling sin, as the highest attainable state of the Christian, and of self-deception on the part of the person who professes entire inward cleansing, is akin to that of advertising a complete cure of cancers, and then branding as false every testimony to such a cure.

Another text constantly urged by them in utter disregard of the context is Gal. v, 17, which, by that fallacy in logic called "begging the question," they assume to be descriptive of the most perfect specimen of the Spirit's work in a human soul, whereas St. Paul is writing to a backsliding Church. "I marvel," says he, as translated by Dean Alford, "that ye are so soon removing from Him that called you in the grace of Christ, unto a different Gospel." Again: "Are ye so foolish? Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now being made perfect in the flesh?"

In believers in this mixed moral state a struggle is going on between the flesh and the spirit. The fallacy lies in the assumption that the best Christians are in this state, against the positive testimony of St. Paul: "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me."

[To be continued.]

## SOME PECULIARITIES OF JOHN FOSTER.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.

As a thinker, John Foster, the Baptist preacher and essayist, had few equals and scarcely a contemporary superior. He has been described, perhaps not inaptly, as the "Platonic Socrates without his truly Hellenic faculty and passion for mere logical disquisition." But though confessedly a great man, he was not a popular preacher. The thoughtful, vigorous-minded few esteemed his preaching highly; to the unreflecting many he was without attraction. Two aged women, after hearing him one day, expressed their impressions freely while going home. One said, "That man is a perfect fool;" the other, "I should like to hear that good man all the winter." These contrasted judgments symbolized, rather strongly perhaps, the opinions of Foster's hearers.

Speaking of Jeremy Taylor to a friend, Foster said: "Jeremy took his figures from all quarters alike—from paradise and the kennel." Foster had the same habit, only he was never coarse or vulgar. His genius was too lofty, too observant of good taste, to deck its ideas with slang phrases or indecent allusions. He never disgusted men of taste with vulgarisms of the street and bar-room.

Foster's preaching was highly illustrative and imaginative, but his ideas were often recumbent, his modes of thought highly original and uncommon. It required activity of mind in the hearer in order to the appreciation of his discourses. For that reason he failed to charm the popular ear. Most people go to church to listen, not to think. To lazy, stupid minds Foster was incomprehensible. "I don't know what he has been driving at all this afternoon, unless to set riddles," was the criticism of one such hearer; and he, by the way, was "the oracle of his little circle."

Foster's sympathy with nature was so excessively delicate that few could understand it. "I've seen a fearful

sight to-day; I've seen a butterfly," he would sometimes exclaim with solemnity after returning from a walk in spring. Who besides Foster ever saw anything fearful in a butterfly? To him, however, it was fearful because it was the symbol of the "far advance of the season."

This intensely vivid perception of the association of objects with ideas, led him to abstain from plucking a flower. He could not bear to be the cause of its premature decay. From the same source came his abhorrence "of spiders for killing flies," his abomination of butchers, and his refusal, when a youth, to "sit on a stool which had belonged to a man who died in a sudden and strange way, and whose ghost was said to have appeared in a barn near his house." With such singular idiosyncrasies, who wonders that he was not generally understood?

His practical application of the principles of justice and benevolence to the purchase of articles for personal use, was both curious and remarkable. Having purchased a lithograph, one day, he thought, after leaving the store, that he had bought it too cheaply. Retracing his steps he gave the seller an additional shilling. No wonder the dealer remarked, "It isn't often we meet with persons who do that, sir." But he acted conscientiously in all such matters. When buying small wares at his door, he would examine the article, note its ingenuities and ornaments, and then say to his good wife, "Oh, give them a few pence more! See, there's a great deal of work here; it must have taken some time to make."

Foster was not given to humor, but he did occasionally say a witty thing. Some one spoke of Alexander, Czar of Russia, one day, saying that he thought "the Emperor must be a very good man." Foster, with great gravity of tone, but with a significant glance, replied, "Yes, sir, a very good man—very devout; no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland!"

His appreciation of the value of time was often very strongly expressed. When shown a piece of fancy work in which much time had been spent, and in which red was the predominant color, he said, "It is red with the blood of murdered time." In writing to a friend his reasons for not wishing to fix his residence in a city, he said, "It was a thing to the last degree undesirable," because of exposure to "the plague" of frequent calls from people who happened to be there. "These polite personages," he wrote, "would have thought it wrong—oh, very wrong indeed!—to come to your house to steal a silver spoon, or the like, but thought themselves conferring a favor by calling on you to rob you of hours of valuable time." This was putting the question pretty strongly, but what busy man who has been robbed both of time and patience by such polite bores, would wish the language softened?

Foster's vacillation on theological questions, considering the real greatness of his mind, is not the least of his peculiarities. Trained in the school of Calvinism, his mind, seeking sea-room, wandered during the early years of his ministry into a region of doubt. Said he, "I am in doubt between the orthodox and Arian doctrines, not without some inclination to the latter." He also "discarded the doctrine of eternal punishments." While fighting this battle between conflicting theories, he sought and found admission to the pulpit of a General Baptist Church, that he might have "the candor and scope" he desired while thus unsettled in his opinions. It was not until he reached his thirtieth year, that he finally returned to the Calvinistic creed, respecting the doctrine of the Trinity. That such a man, after once cutting adrift from the unreasonable dogmas of ultra-Calvinism, should again return to them, is a fact for which one cannot easily account. But Foster was *sui generis*, and cannot be measured by common rules.

Foster was very radical in his views of ecclesiasticism. Said he, "I hate priestly consequence and ecclesiastical formalities." "With the exception of public worship and the Lord's Supper, he was averse to everything institutional in religion." Our Baptist brethren are justly proud of him as of their faith; nevertheless, "he never administered, nor, in mature life, even witnessed, the ordinance of baptism, and was known to entertain doubts respecting its perpetuity." He was never ordained, neither would he assist at any ordination lest he should countenance the popular impression that the "laying on of hands" communicated any divine power to the men whose authority to preach is derived, not from man, but from the inward call of the Spirit. No doubt his views on these points were extreme, and, in some degree, unsound; yet they grew out of a sound principle, to wit: "that the religion of Christ ought to be left to make its way among mankind in the greatest possible simplicity, by its own

truth and excellence, and through the labors of sincere and pious advocates under the presiding care of its great Author." Church institutions built on this principle are as safe as necessary; for while it admits of Church government, it forbids sacerdotalism and hierarchies—those fell curses of the Church of the living God.

## SUMMER NOVELS.

BY MR. E. A. WILKIE.

For the complete appreciation of a book a favorable mood and season are required, and probably no books are more dependent on these circumstances than novels. There are novels for laughter and tears, for winter and summer, and of the latter there is a great and apparently ever-increasing number. They flutter out in the hot weather thick as insects born of the heat, gorgeous in red, purple and gold, but die like the insects at the first touch of frost. If they chance to survive the opening cold, they are pretty sure to be buried under the snow. Next summer one knows not where to find them, or, if preserved, they are as dry and juiceless as apples kept through the winter. Companions of the rose in all except its resurrection, they need for their existence the warm-scented breeze, the play of light and shade, the rippling music of bird and stream, and all the life, the hope, the joy of summer. When the wind, no longer blown over gardens of roses, whistles shrill round the dwelling and wrestles with the Titan arms of the oak, they lie dead and forgotten. To secure for them, while they last, the utmost popularity, their authors should take into strict account the surroundings and accompaniments of summer. The character of the season indicates what should be the character of the novel.

It is of the extremest importance to the success of a summer novel that its specific gravity be not very great. In summer we throw off the bundles we have worn against the cold, and feel indisposed to be weighed down by anything, even by our reading. One doesn't feel like tackling Edwards on the Will, or Prichard's Connexion, when out of doors every twig is quivering under the burden of restless birds. If you are forced to follow a line of argument when you would like every now and then to look out of the window and speculate on the probable arrival of last year's robin, to take possession of its nest on the large elm, the robin will undoubtedly interfere with your reading. To be really attractive the novel must be light, with delicate sentiment and quaint fancies. Hard thought is for winter, when you can sit around the fire and feel your intellect grow sharper under the sense of obstacles without. The realm of the intellect is as barren as the ice-plain of the north. There is an intimate connection between it and cold. Witness Hamlet—a play of the intellect distinctively—which is never so impressive as when read in the atmosphere that it breathes. What a contrast to Romeo and Juliet, throbbing with the intense passion of the warm, moonlight nights of the south! If, then, the novelist demand continuous thought, we resist his efforts to thus enchain us. "Let me have perfect freedom," says the reader, "and I will follow you by whatever streams you may point out, and recline on whatever flowery meadows you may open up; but do not set me to climbing the Alps or ascending the Amazon."

Whatever the matter, summer certainly demands of its favorite that he be master of an easy, familiar manner. When in white vest and duster the reader cannot keep up the weight of *sesquipedalia verba*. Formality, preciseness, monotony, are cardinal sins. The writer must talk to the reader, not lecture or preach. Given such a book as Isaac Walton wrote for us years ago, and how the style bubbles on of green fields and calm, quiet pools overshadowed by interlacing branches, where flocks of sunlight struggling through seem to have lost their way.

Whatever is exciting in literature is generally bad; certainly for a summer novel it is not desirable. Mysterious crimes, involved intrigues, perplexing plots of cross purposes are out of place. They demand too much of our attention; they weary our brains, and work us up to a greater degree of heat than is comfortable. The writer who sits down with the determination of developing an elaborate plot, will generally find that he has too much elaboration, too much working out, to attract many readers. Imagine the "Castle of Otranto" or the "Mysteries of Udolpho" for summer reading! Gloomy castles, insuperable trap-doors, skeleton closets, are not fascinating at any time, to other than morbid imaginations, but in summer they almost touch the disgusting. Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, the latter especially

distinguished for elaborateness of plot, are not good for warm weather—*inter nos*, they are not very good ever. This chasing the hero through countless windings and turnings, down by-paths and into dark coverts, for the sake of an agreeable surprise when you find him, is like a fox-hunt in August; you give up from weariness before you are anywhere near the fox.

Too many of our novelists think they must inculcate some lesson. They have some purpose running through their story to give it substance and continuity. If they only knew that a story which is not valuable from itself will never be made so from any lofty purpose discoverable in it! The unfortunate author, burdened with a mission, should yield himself solely to the prophetic office. He will find his story too weak to endure the weight of a lesson. Just as though it were a sin to write something simply with the view of amusing! In the summer we seek recreation, and when we take up a novel especially written for our perusal at such a time, we feel an instinctive shudder at having to gulp down a pill of moral truth or political precept. One doesn't go into the country to puzzle his brains over the relations of labor and capital, or to consider one of the hundred theories attempting to explain the state of the country. Of course there can be no objection to the inculcating of truth; the question is one of manner. The writer should be truthful in whatever he says, but he should learn to tell the truth to good advantage. Oftentimes a pointed jest, an apt allusion, an aside in conversation, tell more than whole pages of the truest, dullest kind of prosing.

The summer novel must be a small book. No one thinks of reading a two-volume novel at the mountains or the shore. How our ancestors ever, in summer or winter, managed to get through the interminable letters of Sir Charles Grandison—that model hero with linen and conscience equally spotted—almost transcends conception; yet they laughed and cried over the story. We do something quite different now; we yawn.

The present is the age of little books. During the last few years they have come upon us "thick as autumnal leaves"—Little Classics, Vest-pocket, Bric-a-Brac, Half Hour series. Their name is legion, and blessed be their coming. They do not, it is true, preserve their importance on our library shelves beside the stately royal octavo, splendid in morocco or calf, but they find a place for themselves on our tables where the hand falls easily on them, and they are stored into our trunks, or more frequently into our satchels, when we start on our summer vacation. How often have they alleviated the tedium of dreary waiting for the train! How often soothed the vexation of traveling! And then, when you have reached your journey's end, how kindly they come to hand, when the eye wanders from the broad slopes of the mountain, or the ear hears of the "innumerable laughter of ocean!" They are just the books for summer.

We can read them to the end with a half-grieved surprise that it has come so soon. When a novel is long, the writer is generally unequal, but in the short story there is no chance for nodding; the same animation is preserved throughout. Everything is bright and sparkling, or ought to be, for the novelist makes a great mistake who for summer readers deals with tragedy and sorrow. Our minds are not in harmony with such themes. Looking out over wood and lawn sleeping in the summer sunlight, who dreams of death and suffering? Everything breathes of the fullness of life. Novels suited to be read in the grave-yard don't find many readers anywhere else. In their eagerness to avoid the fault of gravity, however, some of the writers of our short summer stories seem to be rushing recklessly into the Gulf of silliness. When the exaggerated childishness of "Helen's Babies" and "Other People's Children," and the complete, hopeless inanities of "That Husband of Mine" secure their thousands of readers, one is tempted to ask, Where are the brains of the present generation? Their extraordinary popularity, nevertheless, serves to show what an attraction there is in a little book; and when an able writer, like Howells, profiting by the indications thus afforded, treats a simple story briefly, gracing it with the charm of familiar conversation, enlivening it by a genial wit and fancy, he straightway secures a large and appreciative audience.

Those who feel that the field is the world are those who feel most acutely that their field is their own hearthstone. The reverse is also true. Show me a man who is aggressive in Boston, and I will show you a man who will be aggressive on the Bosphorus, and under the shadow of the Himalayas, and who would put Mount Holyoke and Wellesley in the South of Africa, and brave the feters of the Gold Coast, and carry through the centres of darkness a light such as only the Bible has shed upon beatitudes.—J. Cook, in the Advertiser.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

### MODERN INFIDELITY.

The following letter addressed to the editor of the Methodist Recorder will explain itself.

Sir,—In his recent speech at Oxford, Dr. Pusey said: "There is, I cannot but believe, a more determined assault upon our historic Gospel than any former times have witnessed on the side of infidelity." As a specimen of that opposition, let us mark the following line of thought in Professor Tyndall's inaugural address at Birmingham on the 1st inst., which I humbly think should not be allowed to pass without protest (for true Protestants oppose as well the unbelief of the infidel as the corrupt faith of the Papist). Professor Tyndall says:—

"Surely many of the utterances which have been accepted as descriptions ought to be interpreted as aspirations, or as having their roots in aspiration, instead of as objective knowledge. Does the song of the herald angel, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will towards men,' express the exaltation and the yearning of a human soul? or does it describe an optical and acoustical fact, a visible host, an audible song? If the former, the exaltation and the yearning are man's imperishable possession, a ferment long confined to individuals, but which may, by and by, become the leaven of the race. If the latter, then belief in the entire transaction is wrecked by non-fulfillment. Look to the East, at the present moment, as a comment on the promise of peace on earth and good-will towards men. That promise is a dream dissolved by the experience of eighteen centuries. But though the mechanical theory of a vocal heavenly multitude proves untenable, the immortal soul and the feelings it expresses are still ours, to be incorporated, let us hope, in purer and less shadowy forms, in the poetry, philosophy, and practice of the future."—*Daily News*, Oct. 2.

So this portion of the Gospel of St. Luke is not a "description" of a fact, but only an "aspiration," a sort of wish breathed out by some good man that peace might come to the earth! Because at the birth of the Christ of God, who is "our peace," a universal peace did not immediately spread, as by miracle, all over the earth; and because, after 1,800 years, peace is not universal and uninterrupted, forsooth, we are to disbelieve the "promise" and prediction of God by His holy angels of what will be the ultimate result of the general spread of the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. That it will have such a result we conclude from the fact that it had such results where the Gospel has been received in faith and retained in faithfulness. It would be just as rational to disbelieve the "promise" of the oak at the planting of the acorn, or the promise of harvest at the sowing of the seed.

Christianity is "a peace" with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is Himself the manifestation of God's "good-will towards men." And the result of these two forces of faith and love is a manifest "good-will towards men" by men in whom and on whom these forces are acting. Therefore against the "blind unbelief" which concludes that "that promise is a dream dissolved by the experience of eighteen centuries," we maintain that if in but two or three hearts in each of the eighteen centuries peace has been enjoyed on earth; and if in but two or three lives in each century Christian good-will has been shown to men, the promise was not given in vain. It has been literally fulfilled, though on the smallest scales. Much more than when we find Christianity gradually spreading, and, in proportion to the adherence of men to its principles, producing, first in smaller and then in larger communities, peace and good-will as in Great Britain, for example, at the present day. What but Christianity saved England and the United States from war in the matter of the *Alabama* depredations?

"But," says the professor, "look to the East at the present moment as a comment on the promise." Has the professor forgotten the words of the Prince of Peace, uttered in sublime paradox, "Suppose you that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you nay, but rather division." "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." "That is," says Wesley, "think not that universal peace will be the immediate consequence of My coming; just the contrary. Both public and private divisions will follow wherever My Gospel comes with power. But this is not the design, though it be the event, of His coming, through the opposition of devils and men." (Wesley's Notes.) And, further, the sword is one of God's "four sore judgments" (Ezek. xiv, 21), impending over all who are either hostile or unfaithful to the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We conclude, then, that the evangelist does "describe an optical and acoustical fact, a visible host, an audible song," as a consequence of that promise of God (not as an alternative to it), the yearning and aspiration of human souls after that peace have been going up to God for 1,800 years—a mighty cumulative force of prayer which will be fully answered in that last when "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." Even so, come Lord Jesus!

JOHN HARRIS.

Pembroke, Oct. 5.

John Stuart Mill advised all who would prove the divine Existence, to adhere to the argument from design. Even Matthew Arnold says that all he can say against the argument from design is, that he has had no experience in world building. "We know from experience that men make watches, and bees make honey-combs. We do not know from experience that a Creator of all things makes ears and buds." (God and the Bible, pp. 103, 104.) What if Red Cloud had been brought to the Centennial or to Washington? Had seen the dome of our Capitol and the marvels of the Centennial? Red Cloud would have said, if he had followed Matthew Arnold, "I have had experience in building wigwags. I know that every wigwag must have been built by some man, but I never had experience in building railroads. I do not know but that it was shaken out of the sea. I have never had any experience in making spinning jennies. I have had no experience in factories and weaving machines and such marvels. I think this loom was woven by—JOSEPH COOK, in the Advertiser.



## THE INVISIBLE TOUCH.

As feel the flowers the sun in heaven,  
But sun and sunlight never see;  
So feel I Thee, O God, my God,  
Thy dateless noontide hid from me.

As touch the buds the blessed rain,  
But rain and rainbow never see;  
So touch I Thee in bliss or pain,  
Thy far vast rainbow veiled from me.

Orion, moon and sun and bow,  
Amaze a sky unseen by me;  
God's wheeling heaven is there, I know,  
Although its arch I cannot see.

In low estate, I, as the flower,  
Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see;  
The subtlest in the Conscience is  
Thyself and that which toucheth Thee.

Forever it may be that I  
More yet shall feel and shall not see;  
Above my soul Thy Wholeness roll,  
Not visibly but tangibly.

But flaming heart to Rains and Ray  
Turn I in meekest loyalty;  
I breathe and move and live in Thee,  
And drink the love I cannot see.

REV. JOSEPH COOK, in *Advertiser*.

## THE CHRISTIAN VS. THE SEVENTH-DAY SABBATH.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

[Concluded.]

3. The practice and teachings of the apostles were in strict conformity with the foregoing intimations on the part of Jesus Christ.

Amidst the circumstantial details of the early Christian Church, we never, after the resurrection, find the followers of Jesus assembling for sacred services on the seventh day. Nor does it in the least affect the truth of our statement that Paul repeatedly met with the Jews on that day, and "reasoned with them out of the Scriptures as his manner was." This practice in his case involved no agreement with them in their adherence to the day, or in any of their peculiarities, any more than his preaching in the Areopagus at Athens involved a real fraternizing with the pagans he addressed, thereby defeating his avowed purpose not to sanction, but to revolutionize, the views and customs of both Jews and pagans on such occasions. To fulfill his fervent benevolent wishes on behalf of his kinsmen and countrymen to the utmost, it was obviously wise and necessary for him to avail himself of the favorable opportunities of access to his brethren and fellow-men afforded by the scenes and seasons of their wonted and largest concourse. Where it did not compromise truth and duty, Paul was always ready to make any reasonable concession or sacrifice, whether of prejudice or personal convenience, in order that he might "save some."

How much significance in this connection there is in an incidental direction given by the apostle to the Corinthian brethren (1 Cor. xvi, 1, 2): "Now concerning the collection for the saints . . . upon the first day of the week," etc. Never before has the first day of the week been mentioned but as the day of the Redeemer's resurrection and of religious assemblies and business. Here, then, we are made acquainted with an important fact, not simply that Christians in Judea, but in Corinth and Galatia, are already rejoicing and observing the first day of the week as a holy day. The prescription of benevolent contributions to be made on it, is entirely in harmony with its nature. Anciently the seasons of worship had been sanctified by gifts and offerings. "The frequent periodical return of such a day; its facilities for calm reflection and the cultivation of the social affections; its bringing the rich and poor together and equalizing them in the divine presence; its sacred recollections, services and hopes—all tend," as another has well observed, "to promote beneficence, to impart principle and regularity to its exercise, and at once to prevent undue pressure on the resources, and to swell the ultimate amount of liberality."

For a time, doubtless, the Jewish Sabbath continued as a sort of subordinate season of worship. Regard for this, however, finally died out, and another day, more glorious than the former, rose gradually and peacefully to the ascendancy; and now for some fifteen or sixteen centuries, save by the Jews and a very small sect of Christians, it has secured the uninterrupted respect and observance of the whole Christian Church. Is it within the limits of moral possibility that a day which has for so long a period failed to secure such respect and observance, can be entitled to the claim of divine authority?

But have the apostles favored the Church with no teaching on this subject?

1. The apostle Paul, addressing the Church at Rome, composed partly of converted heathen and partly of converted Jews, and in which, accordingly, a diversity of view naturally existed in reference to the keeping of certain days, says: "One man esteemeth one day above another; and another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. He that regardeth the day regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it" (Rom. xiv, 5, 6). Was this, we would ask, the language appropriate to the fact of the continued obligation of the seventh day—a day whose sacred observance had hitherto been the solemn duty of the Jews, a duty, indeed, frequently pressed upon their attention, and enforced by the promise of valuable blessings to those who discharged it, as well as by denunciations of calamity against the disobedient? Clearly Paul's purpose here was to avoid exciting unnecessary

ignorant prejudices, and to allay that bitter intolerance and malignant, fanatical zeal naturally born thereof. This epistle was written to show that the way of salvation through Christ is opened alike to Jews and Gentiles. Jewish rites and ceremonies are now superseded. That the days in question are the Mosaic holy days, is sufficiently evident from the circumstance that abstinence from certain meats is adduced along with the days. The class who had been Jews still had a special regard for these days; the class who had been heathen naturally attached no importance to them. With characteristic breadth and catholicity of spirit, Paul assures the brethren that as there is nothing essentially sacred in these old Jewish festivals, the latter may innocently be either observed or disregarded, according to individual inclination or taste. In either case they were themselves to take good care not to condemn one another, but rather always to act on their own respective conscientious convictions.

The writer is, of course, aware that the whole force of this comment turns on whether, with very high authority (see Alford, Olshausen and others), we admit that the Jewish Sabbath was reckoned by the apostle amid the vanishing holy days of the ancient dispensation. While the law of the Sabbath was doubtless esteemed by the apostles as enshrined among the eternal sanctities of the Decalogue, providing, truly, for a season of earthly Sabbathism, of which heaven—the rest that remaineth for God's people—will be in more perfect form and unceasing flow, the prolongation forever, the seventh-day Sabbath of Judaism, in the judgment of the present writer, was classed by the apostles with the vanished festival days of the Jewish Church.

2. Additional evidence that the obligation of observing the seventh day as a sacred day was considered by Paul as practically annulled, is to be found in Col. ii, 16, 17: "Let no man judge you in meat or drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the Sabbath days," etc. In the preceding verses the apostle had referred to the privilege enjoyed by the Christians at Colosse, of freedom from the obligation to observe Jewish ceremonies. In the words before us he tells his readers that no man is authorized to judge or condemn them because of any failure on their part rigidly to observe those ordinances. The word in the original for "Sabbath-days" is plural, and whenever in that form in the New Testament, it has the sense of the Jewish Sabbath. What is the conclusion? That the Colossian converts, and by a parity of reasoning, all other Christians, were to be exempted from the obligation to keep the seventh-day Sabbath, as really, let it be observed, as they were to be exempted from that of paying regard to the distinctions in food, the festivals, etc., of the preceding economy.

3. The expression, "the Lord's day," in Rev. i, 10, is justly regarded as a decisive testimony to the Christian Sabbath. The designation "Lord's" in the New Testament is usually to be understood of Jesus Christ. We read of the word of Christ, the ministers of Christ, the Lord's table, the cup of the Lord, the body and blood of the Lord, the Lord's supper, the Lord's death; and so we read of the Lord's day. He has appropriated a day to Himself. Which day of the week that is, may not be reasonably questioned. The apostle refers to it as well known to the Churches in Asia. His testimony, moreover, proves that this day was not only honored by the Christian Churches, and by himself after the lapse of nearly a century from the time of the Redeemer's advent, but withal honored under the name and sanction of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Finally: In view of the existing prepossessions, on the part of all Jewish-born Christians, in favor of the seventh day, the change of the Sabbath from the latter to the first day of the week, can be accounted for only on the ground that the early disciples and the early Church had sufficient evidence and the clear conviction that the change of day was of God.

It was most natural that the Jews should have strong attachments to the whole Mosaic system. It was of divine appointment. It was the system of their fathers. It was hallowed in their minds and hearts by its antiquity, its glory, and unnumbered tender recollections. And yet in the course of a single generation or two, the whole of it, including the time-honored seventh-day Sabbath, was suffered to go by default. Ye who disown or deny the divine authenticity of the Christian Sabbath, please come forward and solve this problem!

In conclusion: The events and blessings which have attended this day confirm Messianic and apostolic teaching. Not only was this the day of the Redeemer's resurrection and visits to His disciples, it was also on this first day of the week, when the Christians were all with one accord in one place, that the Holy Ghost came down—an event so fraught with good to mankind, and so marked in its influence on the subsequent fortunes of the Church, that it may well be esteemed the very initial step in the rise and progress of the latter. Yea, on this day the first Christian sermon was preached; thousands were converted; the Church was fully formed; and the Lord's Supper publicly celebrated. And it has been on the Christian Sabbath, from the days of the apostles to this, that the greatest good has been done to mankind; that, through the agency of the Saviour's word and grace, so many regions of the earth have been covered with moral beauty, and that so many human be-

ings through all the generations have been prepared for heaven. And on this self-same blessed day, doubtless, in yet more auspicious times, not merely a few scattered tribes of it, but, as we hope, the whole revolted world, will be reclaimed to the service and enjoyment of its Maker.

What, then, is wanting to the evidence that the day on which Christians cease from labor, and worship their divine Saviour, is truly the Sabbath of God—the Lord's day? We have seen the first day of the week to be coeval with the second and more glorious rest of God, sanctified by His example and word, and blessed with His favor, presence and grace from the beginning until now. Surely, how inexcusable are we if not only the Saviour's marked selection of a particular season for His visits to His people, and for sending them the Holy Ghost, but the Church's uniform use from time immemorial of this same season in its public celebration of that Saviour's praise and ordinances, does not carry ample evidence to our minds that the first day of the week is, by the authority of the Son of God, constituted the Sabbath of Christianity.

"This day the Lord hath called His own;  
Let us His praise declare;  
Fix our desires on Him alone,  
And seek His face with prayer.

Oh, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
Be to our welfare blessed;  
The purest comfort here afford,  
And fit us for our rest!"

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

Such a number of foreign letters have accumulated, during the short summer vacation, of the Foreign Sunday-school Association, that its opening meeting on Thursday, Sept. 7, proved too short for the presentation of half of them, although it was prolonged till the shadows of evening had gathered thickly around the members. Never has this society commenced its winter campaign under brighter auspices, and the friends of Sunday-school evangelization abroad may look forward to great results. During the summer, its members, scattered, as usual, among the mountains and by the sea, have obeyed the injunction, "As ye go, preach;" and have brought back promises of aid, sympathy and co-operation, together with some instalments of the "sinews of war," and the expectation of more to follow.

Among the letters read was one from Mr. Hutchinson, the all-but martyr of Acapulco, now in Mexico, concerning a hymn and tune-book which he is anxious to have published in Spanish, some thirty-seven hymns having been already translated into that language. A lady in Huelva, Spain, is doing a great work, traveling among the surrounding villages and scattering books and tracts. There are about twenty-eight Sunday-schools in Spain at present.

Italian letters speak of slow but steady progress. The evangelical day and Sunday-school at Leghorn, under the care of Professor Artidoro Beria, held its closing exercises in June, and the local papers speak highly of the proficiency and general deportment of the children. At its reopening in September it is expected that there will be 200 children in attendance, who, being all from the very poorest and most ignorant classes of society, are greatly in need of aid. From Milan and from Messina come accounts of elder scholars admitted to Church-membership, who have learned the truths of the Gospel solely in the Sunday-school; and Rev. Gabriello Martinielli tells of the triumphant death of a young girl in Rocco Imperiale as a kind of first-fruits from that recently organized school.

Only a few German letters were read, the remainder being laid over till next meeting. From these it appears that a Mr. Eaton, from one of our western States, has been teaching the children of Heidelberg to sing American hymns, and that Mr. Ostermeyer, Sunday-school missionary for South Germany, is shortly to make a little trip into the western provinces of Russia, hoping to implant Sunday-school ideas there. Several letters came from German lady correspondents at Keelin, Marbach, and the like, and, strangely enough, take up the very subject of "name" which has been agitating our summer conventions. "Children's service" seems to be the favorite, since "school" has an unpleasant sound to German children. Pastor Bischoff's letter is full of strictures on the measures of the Church Conference of 1875, which preclude the rejection of infidel and rationalistic pastors, and excite his fears for the downfall of the State Church of Germany. A little letter written by a blind child in raised German characters, enclosed by Mr. Brückleman, the German missionary, caused great interest; and so did the presentation of a gold dollar, the offering of a poor little Sunday-school in Denmark. It was raised by the children in coins equal to one quarter of a cent, presented by the Danish pastor's daughter who lives in this country, and is, by the children's request, to be sent to Miss Brittan's Sunday-school in India.

Our friend, Mr. Weiss, who surprised every one by addressing the Evangelical Alliance on Sunday-school matters in a language of which he had not known a word six weeks previously, writes from Boulogne-sur-Seine, that he has been appointed general secretary of Sunday-schools in France. He says there are 1,440 schools in that country, 143 of which are in Paris. A new opening for the French work has appeared in an appeal for a S. S. missionary to

go to Algeria, where Protestant Christianity is making rapid strides. A very pleasant Sunday-school excursion to St. Cloud is also described as a novelty in French life and customs. In Geneva, Switzerland, also, the Sunday-schools have been doing well through the summer. One, which is under the joint superintendency of Miss Bard and Miss Pelaz, sent letters of representation from both ladies. Miss Bard has just written a book on Sunday-school work, which is widely circulated in France, but which was arrested on the Russian frontier.

No strangers were present at this meeting, and but few of the regular members, but the Association looks for a full representation in October, and in view of what the summer has brought forth, thanks God and takes courage.

## OUR GOOD BROTHER CORBETT.

SINGULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

BY N. C.

There lived, a few years since (and for aught the writer knows may be living still), a good, but somewhat simple-minded member of our Church, in the old Green Mountain State, whom we will call Brother Corbett. At the time of the writer's acquaintance with him, he was some forty years of age, and lived about three miles from the old Methodist chapel, where he regularly attended public worship on the Sabbath. His family consisted of a wife and several little children, who lived in a poor little hut, near the foot of one of the Green Mountain ranges.

Our good brother possessed remarkably singular natural characteristics, which were strengthened with his strength and grew with his growth all the way from infancy to manhood—characteristics which it were vain to attempt to describe.

Although successful in acquiring a good common school education, and though he was an ardent lover of good books and religious periodicals, yet his mental faculties, in various other directions, seemed to be incapable of much improvement, in the practical matters of the common affairs of life, unless brought under the guiding counsel of judicious advisers; nevertheless, being strong in body and vigorous in health, he was ever inclined to earn his bread by hard manual labor.

When a young man, he became deeply convicted of sin and his need of a change of heart, which he earnestly sought and found, in his unspeakable joy; and "as he received the Lord Jesus," so he continued to "walk in Him." His parents, and (so far as the writer knows) all his relations, who made a profession of religion, were most rigid members of a sect which claimed to be "the only true Church of Christ on earth;" and among these were men of the highest social and official positions in the nation. One was a Bishop in the Church which claimed to receive its ordinations through an unbroken channel from St. Peter down to the present time; another had been a chief justice in one of the New England States; and another soon became the chief justice of the United States court. Nevertheless, this singularly constituted relative, when brought into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel, deliberately chose, as his spiritual home, that despised Church which, he had ever been taught to believe, had no authorized gospel ministry, or valid Church ordinances. In it he was enabled to find spiritual helps where by he was enabled to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ," "walking in all the ordinances of the Lord's house," and adorning his profession by a "well-ordered life," and a comparatively "blameless conversation."

The first time the writer ever saw him in class, was on Sabbath noon, in a room near the old (before-named) chapel. His extreme oddity somewhat attracted the writer's attention, for, as he spoke of the great peace he enjoyed, he began to triumph and to exclaim, "When the Spirit—when the Spirit—when the Spirit comes upon me, I must shout;" and then exclaimed, "Glor-y! Glor-y! Glor-y! Glor-y to God in the highest!" Immediately after the class-meeting was out, we heard a strange noise down in the grove just back of the chapel, and, on inquiry, found that Brother Corbett was down there having a good time, alone with God, in secret devotions.

At another time, in the same old chapel, this strange but good brother became so very happy that he wanted to shout; but fearing he should disturb somebody by so doing, he sought to prevent it by bending over his seat and putting both hands over his mouth, so that he should not be heard. He so mortified his near kin in his rear, that one of them seized him by his shoulders, and gave him a smart shaking as a reprimand for disturbing the meeting. This only made a bad matter still worse, as it caused the partially suppressed sound to become singularly irregular, and even ludicrous, to the troubled hearers.

Some of us have heard this good, but odd, brother pray in class-meeting, in language wonderfully sublime, appropriate and fervent, during which he would travel on his knees, moving his chair along as he thus went across the room, seemingly entirely unconscious of his movements. Not unfrequently he would come to his afternoon class-meetings direct from his work in the woods, and after a season of great refreshing from on high in it, he would shoulder his axe and hasten to his home, with his head up and eyes raised heaven-

ward, shouting, "Glor-y! Glor-y! Glor-y to God for salvation!" not seeming to think or care for mud or standing puddles of water, which might beset his pathway homeward.

The reader may be surprised to learn that this peculiarly made-up Brother Corbett was the leader of the class in his neighborhood, and in some respects quite a successful leader, for he had the confidence of his members, and was sound in doctrine, clear in his experience, and had a ready and somewhat easy gift of utterance. He was, also, an ardent lover of Wesley's works, especially his sermons, and other books of great value, on experimental and practical godliness. Although Brother Corbett failed in some respects of being equal to the duties required of a leader of the class, yet he seemed to give quite good satisfaction to the members, because of his honest and unsophisticated methods of leading them, under the divine guidance, into the "green pastures" of love, and "beside the still waters" of free grace, and of making the meetings seasons of great "refreshings from the presence of the Lord." Would to God that all class-leaders were as true and as successful!

Happy for us all if we shall prove as faithful in the use of our God-given talents, whether one or more, that we may, in the great reckoning day, hear the Judge say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

## POWER OF FAMILY PRAYER.

BY REV. D. NASH.

A gentleman traveling abroad had a letter of introduction to another gentleman. He was of accomplished mind and manners, but an infidel. The gentleman to whom he had brought the letter of introduction, and his lady, were active, devoted Christian philanthropists. They invited the stranger to make their house his home, and treated him with every possible attention. Upon the evening of his arrival, just before the usual hour for retiring, the gentleman, knowing the peculiarity of his friend's sentiments, observed to him that the hour had arrived in which they usually attended family prayers; that he would be happy to have him remain and unite with them, or, if he preferred, he could retire. The visitor intimated that it would give him pleasure to remain. A chapter in the Bible was read, and the family all knelt in prayer, the stranger with the rest. In a few days he left this hospitable dwelling, and embarked on board a ship for a foreign land.

In the course of three or four years, the providence of God again led him to the same dwelling—but, oh, how changed! He came the happy Christian, the humble man of piety and prayer. In the course of the evening's conversation, he remarked, that when on the first evening of his visit, he knelt with them in family prayer, it was the first time in many years that he had bowed the knee to his Maker. He said brought to his mind such a crowd of recollections, and so vividly reminded him of a parent's prayers which he had heard at home, that he was entirely bewildered. His emotion was so great that he did not hear one syllable of the prayer that was uttered, from the commencement to the close. But God made this the instrument of leading him from the dreary wilds of infidelity to the peace and joy of piety.

Now these good people with whom the accomplished infidel tarried might have prayed very earnestly in their chamber for his conversion, and he might, and probably would, have gone away unconverted; it was the family prayer that overpowered him with recollections which eventually brought him to the Cross. Recollections of what? Of the prayers of his parents? Even the domestic worship of his new friends would have been powerless, had not his youth been accustomed to a solemn service at home. What encouragement is this to Christian parents not to neglect family worship.

## CHAUTAUQUA CRITICISED.

Prof. Lacroix's glorification of Chautauqua reads well, sounds well, but is so largely fabulous that it cannot pass without a protest. The whole project is a pleasant but visionary thing, which may run while Dr. Vincent can put his great art of making a novelty seem so real and promising and pretty, but will follow the fate of puffed-up shams—the velocipedes, the lecture, the pulk-bell, blue glass—to the land of defunct schemes, when its parent causes to be the agent of the Sunday-school Union.

How can any one believe, in the face of the fact that few children commit any Scripture lesson to memory, the apocryphal glee which says, "Call for the little boys and girls who know more of God's Word than their grand-parents did ten years ago, and how the little hands will rise up like the leaves of the forest all over the land!" Know more of God's Word than their grand-parents did! What a beautiful sentence and sound! Would God it were true! But go into any Sunday-school and try to elicit it, and see with what mute gaze they reply to any question that touches the vital truths of revelation. Hear, in contrast with this silly boast, the lament of Bishops James, Peck, and most of the common-sense men in the ministry of twenty years' experience, over the decay of home purity, the superficial character of Bible study, and the general ignorance of divine truths among the young.

Note how seldom you see a Sunday-school scholar with a Bible in hand searching the Scriptures and delving after its jewels. How quickly they run over the Berean page, if they look at it at all before coming to the class; and how absolutely discouraged the best teachers go home every week, after trying to develop this advanced knowledge of the Word of God.

Among hundreds of Christian workers such opinions of Chautauqua have been expressed as that it is a large mushroom growth on hot-bed excitement and attractions, and will go out with the extra heat which one man, with much expense, novel machinery, and vast advertising, produces.

How many of the real workers ever go there? How much of its iridescent glow can they retain who go, when away from the battery? How few of all its splendid theories can they remember and use, when in the sober, rugged field of toil? The very enthusiasm evoked lacks the religious element and vigor of the camp-meeting, and loses its vitality soon. Now, without glorifying any one part of the work all are striving to do in fulfilling the Saviour's command, "Go, teach all nations," let us work more vigorously than ever those which we know, upon trial of ages, will produce solid, enduring fruits—the Word of God studied in God's own school (the family) and the preached Word. Yes, all say with the Professor, "Welcome the revival of a love for the Bible!" Hail to the generation of trained preachers who are real exponents of the Holy Oracles! Still louder, heartier plaudits for those parents who try not to shift their own imperative, "Thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children," on to so weak and efficient a system of religious instruction as the present substitute is! Your work cannot be done by proxy. Do it yourself heartily, conscientiously, prayerfully, and the results will show it to be done.

## "REVIVALS OF RELIGION"—RE-ISSUED.

Messrs. Nelson and Phillips have just reissued Dr. Porter's book, bearing this title and published first in 1848. It has been reissued and enlarged to adapt it to the present circumstances. Dr. J. P. Newman, of Washington, D. C., says, in his old introduction to the new work:—

"When I was a pastor in New York, now seventeen years ago, I felt I must have a revival in the old Bedford Street Church. I had strong convictions that I should deliver a series of sermons on revivals. In my library were many books on the subject contemplated, but I had to say of each, 'One thing thou lackest.' My attention was called to Dr. Porter's 'Revivals of Religion: Their Theory, Means, Obstructions, Uses and Importance.' It contained the 'one thing needful.' I found the thought incisive, the language emphatic, and the spirit Christlike. I am frank to say that I adopted his theory, used his means, removed his obstructions, and dwelt upon his uses and importance, and a glorious revival of religion followed, in which many were quickened, many reclaimed, and many converted. His is the most suggestive book in the English language. No pastor should be without a copy. A copy should be in every family in the Church. Its author is himself a successful revivalist, and is now an evangelist in the best sense. Himself a keen observer of men, a thorough student of human nature, he has made the heart of man the study of his life, and he is, therefore, the capable teacher of all teachers of divine truth."

This book will prepare the Church for evangelistic work, and the pastors to "feed My lambs."

## Our Book Table.

A very fine book for the holidays, as well as one of permanent interest, is CALIFORNIA PICTURES IN PROSE AND VERSE, by Benjamin Parke Avery. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, and H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston. It forms an elegant octavo, with wide margins, illustrated with thirty fine cuts, drawn by Moran, Kappes and Gibson, engraved by leading artists, 344 pp., thick and beautiful paper, price \$5. This attractive volume is devoted to well-written pen-pictures of some of the most striking features of the remarkable scenery of the great Pacific State. Many of the chapters appeared in the pages of the *Oregonian Monthly*, but have been revised for this permanent setting. The separate contributions make a very interesting volume, conveying much information as to the physical features of California, and almost bringing, by very vivid descriptions, the marvelous mountains, lakes, forests, valleys, and the later works of men, distinctly before the mind's eye. The fine illustrations perform the same service even more effectively for the outward vision. To those who have visited California the book must be a very pleasant souvenir, while to a resident of the State it will be prized like a family portrait.

Some of the most attractive, as well as wholesome, volumes are published by the London Religious Tract Society, of which establishment T. Nelson & Sons, 42 Bleeker St., New York, are the American agents. We have before us now, bearing the imprint of the above houses, a richly ornamented, royal octavo volume of 208 pages, entitled, ENGLISH PICTURES, DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL, by Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D., and the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D. This beautiful volume is crowded with fine wood illustrations, some of them filling the page, others little gems of picturesque beauty. Illustrating various portions of England, Wales and the Isle of Wight. The letter-press is written with excellent taste and in an attractive style. Altogether, it forms a very charming holiday book, and one that will never lose its interest or value by the change of the seasons, or the progress of time, only as its often-turned pages become worn by constant, but kindly use. For sale by Magee, Price 83c.

From the house of T. Nelson & Sons we have, also, FENDOWN: A Story of Cornwall in the Time of Henry the Eighth, by M. F. Meul. 12mo, 326 pp. This is a religious, historical tale, written with considerable power, interpreting and making a living reality, by an impressive story, the domestic,

civil and religious events of this marked era in English history. It forms a wholesome addition to the immense fictitious literature of the hour written for young people.

Another volume, from the same house, is intended for the younger readers, and is entitled, KELLIE'S TRACINGS, AND WHAT THEY TELL, by Kate Thorne. Not more favored than other little ones, she found, as she needed, abundant opportunities to learn; and some that taught her, found some things to learn themselves. It makes a pretty little volume for quite youthful readers.

THE STORY OF AVIS, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of Gates Ajar, Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. This is a strong novel, but very sad; and very sad, although all along the story, especially in the early portion of it, the characteristic, spontaneous, and irresistible humor of the author leaps forth. If the volume has a moral, it is that women of genius, who have a mission from Providence in one or another of the great lines of art, should not marry; they cannot be faithful wives and mothers without sacrificing a talent that ought to be developed. This high art is not bestowed in connection with domestic aptitudes, but swallows them up. If the volume has a moral, it is that women of genius, who have a mission from Providence in one or another of the great lines of art, should not marry; they cannot be faithful wives and mothers without sacrificing a talent that ought to be developed. This high art is not bestowed in connection with domestic aptitudes, but swallows them up. If the volume has a moral, it is that women of genius, who have a mission from Providence in one or another of the great lines of art, should not marry; they cannot be faithful wives and mothers without sacrificing a talent that ought to be developed. This high art is not bestowed in connection with domestic aptitudes, but swallows them up.

But the book is powerfully written. Its characters are sharply drawn. They stand out in indelible personalities like real persons. The whole story might readily be believed to be a relation of actual events, save that it is difficult to see how so promising, and many, and cultivated a fellow as Ostrander, the husband of Avis, the popular college professor, could, in a three or four years, drop down, without the faintest shadow of disquietude, into an indolent, negligent, restless, and inefficient person, requiring his polite but positive dismissal from the faculty; and how he could, so soon, lose his manliness and self-respect, and even outward propriety, and make a weak fool of himself, in the hour of the serious illness of his brilliant wife. Possibly this is only a fair picture of the impotence of average human, at least masculine, nature. We commend it to the study of our "liberal" brethren. The heroine is an original conception, and it is evidently a favorite fancy of the author. She dwells upon her analysis of her character and the development of her peculiar genius with all an artist's keenness and patience over an original ideal picture. The moral coloring of the story is not decided. It is a wonderfully human history. The leading figures constantly made a divine power, which is largely left out of their conception, and which would have been the indispensable supernatural factor adequate to regulate all the inharmonious and stormy passions, inspire to the noblest ambitions, and solve all the difficult problems of domestic and social life, even in the instance of genius. There is an unlovely selfishness that hangs like a constant robe about nearly every character portrayed in this vivid volume, which only the grace of the Gospel can conquer.

G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, publish a very different work, from the pen of a quite popular and voluminous story-writer, Miss Susan Warner, author of Wide, Wide World. It is not a powerful, but a very pleasant story. It is entitled DIANA, and forms a volume of 480 pp. It is sold in Boston by Estes & Lauriat. Price \$1.75. Its scene is laid in New England. We can hardly imagine where such an unutilized circle can be found, in any farming district where an educated ministry, as in the instance of Pleasant Valley, has exercised its educating as well as reforming influences, as the person of the book. It is difficult to believe that the wife of an intelligent man, who left a good library behind him, could have been so absolutely illiterate as Mrs. Starling, the mother of the heroine. As to her character and temper, we fear they may be paralleled! Even ministers are sometimes deceived in their choice of life companions! The incidents of the story are very simple, and well worked up. They are not by any means improbable. Diana is a very attractive ideal young woman, and the reverend Masters, who marries her, is a paragon of patience and piety, as exhibited in a trial that few young husbands could endure with equanimity. The devout author's duly illustrates the power of a personal and present Saviour, when heartily admitted into human life, to solve all doubts and difficulties, however appalling; to overcome for good all disappointments, and to turn into heavenly discipline the most forbidding events in their outward aspects. The story leaves a very grateful impression at its close upon the mind and memory of the reader.

## LITERARY NOTES.

To their very popular Half Hour series, Harper & Brothers add a couple of new and instructive little volumes. The Jews and Their Persecutors, is a graphic sketch of the ill-fortunes of the chosen people, by Eugene Lawrence. The bush burns, and yet is unconsumed. The volume is a fresh caveat against Rome, heathen and papal, especially the latter, which has exhibited great zeal to exterminate the wife of an intelligent man, who left a good library behind him, could have been so absolutely illiterate as Mrs. Starling, the mother of the heroine. As to her character and temper, we fear they may be paralleled! Even ministers are sometimes deceived in their choice of life companions! The incidents of the story are very simple, and well worked up. They are not by any means improbable. Diana is a very attractive ideal young woman, and the reverend Masters, who marries her, is a paragon of patience and piety, as exhibited in a trial that few young husbands could endure with equanimity. The devout author's duly illustrates the power of a personal and present Saviour, when heartily admitted into human life, to solve all doubts and difficulties, however appalling; to overcome for good all disappointments, and to turn into heavenly discipline the most forbidding events in their outward aspects. The story leaves a very grateful impression at its close upon the mind and memory of the reader.

Virginia, a Roman sketch, by an anonymous author, is, as the title indicates, an Italian story written with spirit and artistic taste. In Silk Attire, is another installment of Harper's series of sketches of the works of William Black. Like the other productions of this gifted author, the volume displays a poetic touch, a flavor of nature, a knowledge of character, and an insight into the workings of society. What is a great commendation, in these days, is the entire freedom from moral taint, the absence of exceptional scenes and descriptions, of innuendo and beautiful amusement, rather than unhallowed excitement, stands out as the author's design in this series of stories given to the public.—Mrs. Oliphant, in *Caritas*, gives us another novel of considerable size, 191 pages, done up in paper. Always readable and bound in lively sketches and pictures of common life and society. The present volume possesses all the attractions of former ones, and will be read by those who relish this kind of literature, for both the beauty of the story and its graceful presentation.—Mary Patrick is a new name who, in giving us *Marjorie Brown's Love*, another volume in Harper's list of Select Novels, has won a place among the writers of lighter fiction.—The above works are for sale by Lee & Shepard.

New Music. From Oliver Ditson & Co.'s Vocalists' Book of Blue, temperance songs and choruses, by J. M. Deane; *Oh Merry Hours*, music by Mme. A. Murio-Celli, dedicated to Mrs. W. J. Florence. Instrumental—*Farwell to Summer*, reverie for piano, by Ed. B. Phelps; *The Switzer's Dream of Home*, by Josef Low; *Aurora*, grand concert galop for piano, by Albert H. Wood.

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a complete reproduction of the year's work and of the important discussions and is rendered more useful by the excellent map contributed by Mrs. Dr. W. B. Davis.

The Department of the Interior issues matter of almost too much permanent value to be sent out in paper covers, in a pamphlet containing the International Conference on Education held at Philadelphia, July 17 and 18, during the International Exhibition. This discussion was sustained by leading educators from Canada, England, Brazil and Sweden, as well as by representatives from various States of the Union. The debates are chiefly devoted to the various kinds of schools, their organization and discipline, and are full of suggestion and valuable statistics and facts.

We are under obligation to the secretary for a copy of the Minutes of the twenty-fifth session of the California Annual Conference, which occurred last month (Sept.). It is a full and satisfactory document. No denomination has a better or more reliable set of statistical tables than the M. E. Church, both as to local and general intelligence; not omitting its probabilities!

Amherst College makes a rich and valuable, partly sad and memorial, contribution to pamphlet literature, meriting preservation. We have the interesting and eloquent addresses of Rev. Daniel W. Poor and Prof. W. C. Esty at the late annual alumni meeting, commencing with Prof. Ebenezer S. Smith, and the admirable biographical and historical discourses of Prof. W. S. Tyler in commemoration of the late President Stearns, which was delivered in the college church, June 28, 1877.

Last, and of chief value, we receive, what we have hoped might be published and widely circulated, the strong, manly, eloquent and much-estimated development of the Relation of Learning to Religion, which formed the late inaugural address of President J. H. Seelye, upon his installation into an office which both receives honor from its present occupant, and also bestows it. These pamphlets are published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

It is often said that Mr. Miller's reports are the most effective forms of public solicitation for the support of his institutions. To this he happily responds, that during the two years and more of his severe trial, when, all the time, he and his orphans lived literally from hand to mouth, when they began to eat at breakfast time when dinner would come, he said to his assistants, "Now, our only appeal shall be unto God, lest it be said our faith has failed." So he made no report at all, but they all gave themselves to earnest prayer, and in all their trials were never happier. When at the end of two and a half years, when they began to eat at breakfast time when dinner would come, he said to his assistants, "Now, our only appeal shall be unto God, lest it be said our faith has failed." So he made no report at all, but they all gave themselves to earnest prayer, and in all their trials were never happier. When at the end of two and a half years, when they began to eat at breakfast time when dinner would come, he said to his assistants, "Now, our only appeal shall be unto God, lest it be said our faith has failed." So he made no report at all, but they all gave themselves to earnest prayer, and in all their trials were never happier.

Rev. W. H. Boole for eight years has been the responsible manager of a very interesting and useful evangelizing and reforming institution on Water Street, in one of the most forbidding portions, morally, of New York city. It was established in the year 1869, named "rat trap," a drinking, gambling, dancing and rioting saloon, which Mr. Boole converted into a house of reformation and daily praise and prayer. Many of the most abandoned of both sexes were happily converted here, the devil driven out of them, and clothed in their right minds, they became not only decent and wholesome men and women, but some of them quite successful evangelists among their forsaken fellows. The institution was conducted on the principle of Miller's and Dr. Cullis' experiments. Mr. Boole has made very interesting reports, and written touching tracts, setting forth the work done, and the marvels of divine interposition in support of the mission to Meriden, Conn., as a Methodist pastor, rendered it impossible for him to retain the personal supervision of the work, and as he could find no association or individual willing to assume its responsibility, he was reluctantly compelled to surrender the property to the parties from whom he purchased it. The good work, however, is still going on, in a measure. The mission employed there of late, Mr. Francis Percival, having rented the building, proposes to continue its various services, and it may still be a fertile and fruitfully oasis in a desert of worldliness and vice. Mr. Boole's connection with it has entirely ceased. In the *Christian Advocate* he gives a very interesting résumé of his work, and makes his addressee to the scene of many grateful recollections.

A circular issued by the International committee of the Y. M. C. Association, inviting the co-operation of all Christian people in the observance of their approaching week of prayer (Nov. 11-17), contains some remarkable statements relative to the growth of the vigorous and well-organized instrumentalities. There are now, it appears, over one thousand associations in this country, and about as many on the other side of the Atlantic. Over a hundred societies are reported in the South, whereas hardly a dozen existed a few years ago. The work of the Association is being extended among the 30,000 young men in our colleges and schools, as also among the 800,000 employed along the 80,000 miles of railroad in this country. The constant accumulation of property in buildings, libraries, etc., is another noteworthy feature, forty-eight societies owning buildings valued at over two millions of dollars. Never was this great organization in a better condition for large usefulness than now. Its agencies are multiplying in every direction, and no opportunity for religious effort is neglected. The interest is kept alive among its members by meetings, and conventions, and practical plans and labors. The appeal of the International committee for a concert of prayer among the Churches at the time above noted, will, we hope, be gladly welcomed and acted upon.

We have read with pleasure the able and practical report of the commissioners appointed last year by Mayor Cobb—at the head of whom was Dr. Miner, and associated with him were Dr. Williams and accomplished physician, Dr. G. C. Shattuck, and John E. Tyler, esq.—to consider the treatment of persons committed for drunkenness to our public institutions. The commissioners availed themselves of the results of many years' trial in institutions for the cure of inebriates, as well as examined carefully the moral effects of the present condition of sentenced drunkards in penal institutions. They found that the present course simply exaggerates and perpetuates the vice. There is no hopeful effort for reform put forth in their behalf. Sentences are short, and must be constantly repeated, until the helpless victim dies. The drunkard, however, can be reformed, but time must be taken. Instead of short, limited sentences, discretion-

ary periods, subject to the sanitary and moral condition of the subject, must be allowed. We trust that the report will be published in a pamphlet, and be circulated among our thoughtful citizens.

The name of Dr. William Hunter, who died very suddenly at Cleveland, O., on the 18th ult., is associated in the minds of many of our readers, only with the inspiring hymns which he has contributed from time to time, to our social worship. It is less generally known in this region that he had long and faithfully served the Church in conspicuous positions of usefulness. He was elected editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* (then called the *Pittsburgh Conference Journal*) in 1836, and held the office till 1840. In 1844 he was re-elected, continuing his service until 1852. In 1853 he was chosen professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Allegheny College, Pa., where he remained for sixteen years. In 1872 he was again called to the editorship of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, and the heavily-shaded column-rows in last issue of that paper, and his generous testimony to the worth and faithfulness of its former chief, attest the sense of loss which it shares with the community in his decease. At the time of his death, Dr. H. had recently been appointed by the Ohio Conference Presiding Elder of the Cleveland district.

Our Congregational brethren, just returned from the meeting of their National Convention at Detroit, speak with much glowing and impressive language of the delegates to their body appointed by the Bishop from our Church, Rev. J. F. Hurst, D. D., of Drew Seminary. His modesty and equal dignity of bearing, his catholic and devout spirit, his marked thoughtfulness and breadth of view, with the pleasant humor that gave vivacity and interest to the whole, won for him a ready hearing and a warm response. In his address, which was published in last week's *Christian Advocate*, and which strikes us as a model of its kind, he pays a grateful and well-deserved tribute to the work accomplished by the Congregational Churches in the century and a half "between the dropping of the weary Mayflower's anchor in 1620 and the first Methodist prayer-meeting in a hall-loom in New York," alludes pleasantly to the "nursery wrangles" of the early history; discovers a common origin in the Reformed Church which, with Geneva as its source, followed the flow of the Rhine, dropped its young men aside at Heidelberg for theological discipline, stayed in Holland awhile, crossed the Channel, and came to us until it reached the sea; and "our first outline for theological study," and claims George Whitefield as "the one man who represented both our Churches." "We only looked to you," said the Doctor, "or rather, you captured his theology, but we owned him when in the pulpit." The address was warmly fraternal throughout.

The *New Englander* after the current year will cease to be a quarterly. The publishers announce that the demand for more full and prompt discussions of urgent questions affecting theology and religion, has decided them to issue the magazine, after the year, as a bi-monthly. The October number, the last of the quarterly series, contains eight valuable papers, besides the notices of new books. The titles of some of the articles of more general interest are, "Unorganized Forces in Political Economy," by J. B. Clark, of Minneapolis; "What Constitutes Successful Teaching in Colleges?" by Professor S. Cooper, of Rutgers College; "John Stuart Mill," by Lyell Adams; and "Some New York Customhouse Investigations," by Rev. L. M. Dorman, of New York city.

The prospect for the approaching Old South fair, which is to be opened on December 31, is very encouraging. Entertainments are being held in the suburban towns, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to this object. Mrs. Vinton, the confectioner, and the celebrated Maillard of New York, will assist by contributions and otherwise, to make the fair a success. Professor William Everett is preparing a brief history of the Old South, the sales of which will aid in its preservation.

The next issue of the *North American Review* promises to be one of special interest. Secretary Sherman, ex-Secretary McCulloch, and others, will give their views in regard to the resumption of specie payments. It will be issued in a few days. It is reported that this characteristic Boston institution is to be removed to New York next year, and to be under the charge of Appleton & Co. Will it lose any of its Boston flavor in becoming somewhat international?

The notable articles in the October number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* are: "The Difficulties of the Concept of God," by Rev. George T. Ladd; "Atonement," by Professor John Morgan; "President Finney's System of Theology in its Relations to the so-called New England Theology," by George F. Wright; and an account of the theological journals of Germany. Rev. Selah Merrill contributes a paper on the identification of Succoth and Peniel, which is one of the fruits of his exploration of Palestine.

At the earnest request of many of the clergy and laity, Rev. George Miller, of Bristol, England, will give an account of his orphan work, and the Scriptural Knowledge Institution of which he was the founder, and has been the director for nearly forty-four years, at Cleveland St. Baptist Church, Thursday evening, Nov. 1st, at 7.30. On Friday evening, at 7.30, he will preach in the Park Street church. The public are cordially invited.

We are under obligations to one of the secretaries of the late General Convention of the Protestant E. Church, for a copy of the excellent and impressive discourse delivered before it, by Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, upon the Ministry of the Church to Human Wants. It is an inspiring tract for general circulation.

Scriven, Armstrong & Co. issue the stories of Frances Hodgson Burnett, which attracted so much attention, as published in their *Monthly* and in *Zippicott's*, in the form of a handsome little volume—a small quarto of 270 pp. Price \$1.35. The book bears the name of the first story, *Sury Tim*, and Other Stories. Miss Burnett ranks among the first of our lady periodical writers.

Rev. S. B. Sweetser, the popular pastor of the M. E. Church, Webster, Mass., is prepared to deliver lectures on temperance and morality in Worcester county the present winter. His lectures have found great acceptance heretofore, in some cases being called for the second time in the same season.

A private note, dated Centococok, Oct. 22, announces that the wife of Rev. Lewis Howard died, after great suffering, Sunday, Oct. 21, aged 73 years.

Our venerable "Father Marsh," of the Providence Conference, has recovered suddenly from his recent illness to visit his friends in this vicinity. He met with a warm reception and received several appreciative tokens, which he duly acknowledged in the appropriate columns. His courage and hope for still further usefulness have not been shaken by sickness.

At the Preachers' Meeting, last Monday, Rev. W. E. Huntington read a clear and able essay upon the history of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. At its close, the meeting was addressed, in a familiar and particularly instructive and profitable discourse, by Rev. George Moller. His lessons of spiritual wisdom to ministers, drawn from his own rich experience, will be long remembered by his audience.

Next Monday the meeting will be public, and Rev. Samuel Jackson, of Newton, will read an essay upon the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Rev. Philip Krohn, pastor of the Hudson Avenue M. E. Church, Albany, on an exchange with Rev. R. R. Meredith, preached last Sabbath with great acceptance in Grace church, Temple Street. Brother Krohn is one of the most popular and promising young ministers of Troy Conference. He is of New England birth, and is a rich contribution to our sister Conference.

Rev. Elton Foster, author of the *Cyclopaedia of Prose and Poetical Illustrations*, has removed to Middletown, Conn., and occupies the residence of Dr. Johnson, 6 College Place, where all correspondents should address him.

We are glad to say that many of our brethren are making commendable efforts to extend the circulation of the *HERALD*. From a small charge in the country the pastor sends six new names, and says, "There are more to come." Another sends a larger number, and says, "Though you have a good list on this charge, I intend to double it." Encouraging reports have come to us from many other localities. If every stationer minister would now give a little special attention to the *HERALD*, no doubt a large list of new names would be forwarded at once. Why not make the effort? The people need the paper, and we are anxious that every Methodist in New England should read it.

#### NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**  
*Ye Olden Time Social.*—The ladies of the Church Street Society, Boston, held their farewell social in the old building, on Friday evening, Nov. 2. A pleasant entertainment has been arranged, and a supper will be given, to which all the friends of the society are cordially invited. The admission has been placed at not over ten cents, and the house may be full. The proceeds will go towards the new church.

*Boston—Egleston Square.*—Three brothers, Revs. Fletcher, Frederick and John Pickles, occupied the pulpit of the Egleston Square and Winthrop M. E. Churches, on Sunday last. So unusual and delightful an occurrence gave great pleasure to these sons of a most devoted and earnest Wesleyan minister, who recently was called to his reward, and to the congregations who with great attention listened to their discourses. Rev. C. B. Phillips, of Manchester, N. H., delivered the first lecture of the course at Egleston Square, on Friday night, Nov. 2. Subject—"Love and Love Letters."

*Springfield.*—Since the vacation the young people of State Street Church, Springfield, have organized a society for their own improvement and for Church work. The new society already has more than eighty members, and has successfully inaugurated a course of popular lectures. The opening lecture was given Wednesday, Oct. 23, by Dr. A. A. Willis, on "Sunshine." Dr. Willis, and John B. Gough, are in the course. Dr. Willis, in his lecture, defined happiness as "the art of drawing good out of whatever happens," and advised his audience to cultivate contentment, and discard fancied ills. He is a pleasing speaker, and the lecture had numerous eloquent passages. The audience was unexpectedly large.

*Webster.*—The M. E. Church in this place celebrated the forty-ninth anniversary of its organization, a few Sabbaths since. The exercises consisted of recitations and singing by the school, and addresses by Father Spaulding, of Worcester, the pastor, Rev. S. B. Sweetser, and the superintendent. A pleasing interruption of the programme was the presentation of a handsome steel-plate engraving of "The Pilgrim Exiles," handsomely framed, to the superintendent, Brother C. C. Corbin. This school is large and flourishing, having an unusual number of scholars, and is under the able supervision of one of the best superintendents of our connection, entered now upon the seventeenth year of his active service.

**NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT.**  
Brother Culver, of Marion, went to assist Brother Towle to Middleboro, Sunday, Oct. 14. Twenty-one were baptized by Brother C. Thirteen by immersion. A large number will soon be received into full membership.

A delightful love-feast was held at Provincetown Centre Church, Saturday evening, Oct. 13. Large and attentive audiences were present at both the Methodist churches in P. on the 14th. Methodism is the leading denomination in the town, and gives, under the pastorate of Brothers Canoll and Bates, no sign of decreased power. Brother Sherman, of North Truro, is looking for continued manifestations of saving grace. He has been encouraged during his stay in this place by many conversions.

Notwithstanding a very uncomfortable wind which swept over Truro hills, a full choir that discoursed excellent music, and an appreciative congregation, attended a quarterly meeting services at Truro. It was quite an agreeable surprise to the Presiding Elder to find so many willing to leave their comfortable homes and endure the piercing wind, to meet in the house of the Lord.

Brother Hall, of West Dennis, has been obliged to suspend all mental effort. To his Monthly and in *Zippicott's*, in the form of a handsome little volume—a small quarto of 270 pp. Price \$1.35. The book bears the name of the first story, *Sury Tim*, and Other Stories. Miss Burnett ranks among the first of our lady periodical writers.

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A private note, dated Centococok, Oct. 22, announces that the wife of Rev. Lewis Howard died, after great suffering, Sunday, Oct. 21, aged 73 years.

E. M. Taylor, of South Braintree, had the undivided attention of his hearers while he preached from Eccl. vii, 10, at the opening of the meeting on Monday evening.

On Tuesday, Rev. E. McChesney, of Taunton, read a paper on the "Origin of the Idea of God in the Human Soul." Rev. D. A. Jordan, of Brockton, gave a review of Thompson's "Papacy and the Civil Power." Rev. C. S. Nutter, of Berkley, read an essay on the "Unity of the Church of God." Rev. J. H. Allen, of Marshfield, presented an essay on the question, "Is the Call to the Ministry a Life Call?" These papers were all carefully written, and evinced a good degree of fidelity and research in their preparation. Their reading elicited the close attention and deep interest of the audience, and were each followed by discussions that were instructive, entertaining and spicy.

In the evening a temperance meeting was held, at which addresses were made by Rev. J. O. Thompson, of Plymouth, on the "Relation of the Church to Temperance;" Rev. G. W. Ballou, of East Bridgewater, on the "Relation of the Sunday-school;" and Rev. A. W. Seaver, of Stoughton, on the "Relation of Christian citizenship." These brethren acquired themselves manfully, and pointed out very clearly the path of duty and safety in relation to this greatest moral question that now agitates the nation. This was the closing service of the meeting.

The brethren, as usual on such occasions, were in excellent spirits, and entered upon the duties of the association with an animus and enthusiasm which were most agreeable to all in attendance. Rev. Bartholomew Otheman, of the New England Conference, who resides in Duxbury, was introduced to the brethren, and briefly addressed them. Brother Otheman, now in the sixtieth year of his ministry, rides six miles, preaches, superintends the Sunday-school, and teaches a Bible class every pleasant Sabbath, and all this without leaving Monday the day following. He is still young, and bids fair to rival the late venerable Father Boehm in longevity.

Rev. Dr. V. Morrison, Presiding Elder, presided over this body of ministers with his usual gravity and to the apparent satisfaction of the brethren. The history of the Church, and its location on an eminence which commands a view of some of the most interesting places in the early history of our country. From the church may be seen Clark's Island, where the Pilgrim Fathers spent the Sabbath previous to their landing in Plymouth; the Miles Standish monument in the foreground; the history of the Church, and its location on an eminence which commands a view of some of the most interesting places in the early history of our country. From the church may be seen Clark's Island, where the Pilgrim Fathers spent the Sabbath previous to their landing in Plymouth; the Miles Standish monument in the foreground; the history of the Church, and its location on an eminence which commands a view of some of the most interesting places in the early history of our country. From the church may be seen Clark's Island, where the Pilgrim Fathers spent the Sabbath previous to their landing in Plymouth; the Miles Standish monument in the foreground; the history of the Church, and its location on an eminence which commands a view of some of the most interesting places in the early history of our country.

The usual votes of thanks were passed, and thus terminated one of the most lively and profitable meetings which it has been our privilege to attend.

W. J. SMITH, Secretary.

#### MAINE.

*Farmington.*—A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* writes: "The new Methodist Episcopal church, which has been in process of erection for some time past, is now completed and is a very fine building, costing the society about \$11,000. The dedication of the church, which was held on Sunday last, was a very successful affair, and the dedicatory sermon will be delivered by Rev. W. H. Boole, of New York. In the evening of the same day there is to be a reunion of the former pastors and friends of the society. On Thursday and Friday there will be special services held under the direction of the former pastors. The church is a very prosperous condition, having realized a sufficient sum at the recent sale of pews to cover the entire indebtedness. Rev. C. Munger is the present pastor, and is very much liked by the society and community at large. He was returned here the second time by Conference at the earnest request of the people."

*New Sharon.*—Sabbath, Oct. 14th, was a remarkably interesting day in the M. E. Church at this place. In the morning Rev. Mr. Murphy, the pastor, baptized twelve adult candidates by immersion in the Sandy river, a very prosperous condition, having realized a sufficient sum at the recent sale of pews to cover the entire indebtedness. Rev. C. Munger is the present pastor, and is very much liked by the society and community at large. He was returned here the second time by Conference at the earnest request of the people."

*Items.*—Mr. C. C. Frost, of Auburn, is engaged in holding reform temperance meetings in Schenectady, N. Y., with marked success, and Mrs. C. H. Fitzgerald, of Brunswick, is giving very interesting lectures of the same sort in different parts of Maine.

The Edward Little statue recently dedicated in Edward Little Park, in Auburn, is the second erected in the State.

Rev. Dr. Tappan, who resigned his pastorate of the Congregational Church in Norridgewock a few weeks since, has reconsidered his action at the unanimous request of his old parish, and, much to their gratification, resumes his old position among them. Dr. T. now enters upon his twelfth year as pastor of this Church.

Dr. Fred M. Preble, of Augusta, has been licensed to preach according to the usages of the Baptist Church. He is a member of the freshman class in Colby University.

Mr. Otis Hood, of Turner, died in the woods where he had gone to gather roots for family use, October 10th. He was a good citizen and very generally respected. He was 81 years old.

J. A. Berry, esq., a prominent shoe manufacturer in the business firm of Berry & Co., of North Abury, died October 22. Mr. B. will be much missed in business circles.

Snow to the depth of three to four inches fell in Farmington October 22d, and in Skowhegan about two inches.

Miss Alice Blaine, a daughter of Senator Blaine, of Augusta, a few days since while handling a toy pistol was seriously wounded by its premature explosion. The miniature ball entered the head of the young lady, where it still remains. It is hoped that the wound, though very dangerous, may not prove fatal.

The first division of the freshman class of Bates College gave their prize declamation in the college chapel, October 19th. One young lady was among the speakers.

PORTLAND DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

This association met at the Pine Street

church, Portland, October 21-23. A good number of the preachers from this portion of the district were present, and the interest was good throughout. Rev. P. Jacques, Presiding Elder, was chosen president, and Rev. C. J. Clark, secretary.

The subject of Methodism and temperance, on which Rev. O. M. Cousins read a carefully-prepared paper, elicited some of the legislation of the Church on this subject, provoked considerable and animated discussion, in which Rev. D. B. Randall, who is foremost among us on this question, of course took prominent part. Temperance is always a live subject among Maine Methodist ministers.

Brother Freeman's article on "Future Punishment," and Brother Randall's on "How to draw the Masses into our Churches," were also discussed. The inevitable Presiding Elder question took considerable time of the association, and, of course, only helped to minimize our Church, in the eyes of strangers. The question of approving the two-district arrangement for our Conference was laid on the table.

Mrs. George E. Taylor and Mrs. B. M. Eastman discussed the topic assigned them, viz.: "Women in mission and temperance work."

Rev. Brothers Jacques and Pottle in addresses urged the importance of our domestic missionary work.

The next meeting of the association is to be held in Biddeford.

A mass temperance meeting was called in Portland, Friday evening of last week, in City Hall. The call came from the leading temperance and business men of the city. They were called together to congratulate each other and the cause on the progress of temperance in their midst.

Brother C. W. Bradley, of Bridgton, has recently been saying some strong and sharp things in his sermons, against the temperance cause, which has stirred up considerable agitation in the quiet village of Bridgton. The Bridgton News stands in defense of these practices, and in the last issue gently arraigns the minister for his unwarranted strictness in these elevating amusements! It is refreshing in these days to see the pulpit stirring up people.

Rev. J. W. Brownville, a thoroughly earnest and evangelical Congregational minister, has resigned the pastorate of the South Bridgton Congregational Church, and Rev. Mr. Frye, of Ohio, is to receive a call to the society.

Rev. Henry Carpenter, of the Congregational Church, Bridgton, has just returned from his vacation trip to Nevada.

At a quarterly meeting on Orr's Island—a part of Harpswell charge—Brother Cole baptized three persons, and the following Sabbath, the pastor, Rev. Brother Baldwin, received fifteen persons into the fellowship of the Church at Harpswell.

Rev. M. C. Baldwin, of Harpswell, has been relieved from his charge, and has gone to Wisconsin, on account of the illness of Sister Baldwin.

The interest continues on the Fryeburg charge at the Harbor. Several have been converted, and Brother Andrews has recently baptized three.

Dr. C. F. Allen, president of the State college, read an able paper on "Education of Farmers and Mechanics," before the Board of Agriculture, which held its annual session last week in Alfred.

Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin preached, October 21, before the W. F. M. Society in Plymouth church, Portland.

Mr. Thomas D. Anderson, who has been preaching for the First Baptist society in Portland, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Church. He commences his labors the second Sabbath in November.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**  
*Manchester.*—Rev. G. C. Noyes did not preach on the 21st, on account of sickness. He appreciates the efficient help ever at hand in our most excellent superannuated preacher, Rev. J. M. Young, who led the social meetings of the day. At 10.30 A. M., there was a love-feast in which the old soldiers' hearts were cheered by the voices of the young volunteers. At the 4 o'clock prayer-meeting two new ones expressed a purpose to live for Christ, and one of them from a far country to the place of an obedient child.

The Ladies' Aid Society gave a "harvest supper" Oct. 15, for the benefit of the pastor. It was an enjoyable occasion, as well as a profitable one for the Church. The receipts were \$67.31 net.

*Gleedown.*—The new M. E. Church at Gleedown Centre, whose corner-stone was laid Oct. 13th, will be a structure 30 by 50 feet. Attached to the rear end will be a vestry 16 by 33 feet. It is hoped that by using great economy the cost may not much exceed \$2,000. Cash subscriptions during the month of \$1,000 have already been made, and about two hundred days' work has been pledged. Donations from any quarter would be thankfully received. Efforts will be made to have the church ready for dedication by Jan. 1st.

Rev. Jacob Spaulding, the laborious and successful pastor of the M. E. Church at Londonderry, who is now in the midst of his third year, was the recipient of a donation from his parishioners Oct. 11th. The gathering took place at the town-house, and a large number were present. The evening was pleasantly passed, an excellent supper was served, and between forty and fifty dollars was placed in the hands of the highly-esteemed pastor.

The wife of Rev. L. H. Howard, one of the old members of the N. H. Conference, entered into rest at her home in Concord, N. H., Oct. 21st, aged 73 years. Her sickness was most distressing, was borne with beautiful Christian patience and resignation. She will be mourned by a large circle of friends. She leaves two sons and a daughter. In June, 1876, Mr. Howard and his wife celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Howard has long been one of the strong men of the Conference. Latterly his relation has been superannuated, and he has resided at Concord.

George Quint, esq., an old and esteemed citizen of Dover, died suddenly, Oct. 22, in his 70th year. He was a deacon of the First Parish Church, and an earnest Christian worker. His sweet Christian spirit won him many friends. He was the father of Rev. Alonzo Quint, D. D., who is an only child.

Rev. J. E. Fuller, late of Southbridge, Mass., was installed pastor of the Congregational Church of Leacock, Oct. 17th. Rev. E. G. Selden, of Manchester, preached the sermon, and Rev. M. T. Rannels, of Sanbornton, offered the installing prayer.

At Danville, in the Free Will Baptist Church, there have been 36 baptisms within a few months.

A prominent citizen of Concord has pledged \$1,000 toward the Episcopal school to be established at Holderness.

The Congregational Church at Hampton has a fund of \$12,000.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, November 11.  
Lesson VI. Acts xxvii, 10-20.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

For two long years Paul was held captive in Caesarea. Festus, of whom little is known, became procurator in place of Felix, and upon his advent to the government of the province, the Jews tried to make him an ally in the destruction of Paul and his work. During his first official visit to Jerusalem, the Jews pressed upon Festus their blood-thirsty demand that Paul should be again summoned to Jerusalem. He evidently understood their secret plot—which was, to assassinate the apostle while en route, if he should be sent to Jerusalem—and replied that Paul was to remain in prison at Caesarea; if they had any charges to prove against him they could appear before the court in Caesarea. The Jews sent accusers back with Festus and another trial was held. When Festus, for the sake of ingratiating himself with the Jews, asked Paul if he was willing to be tried before the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem, the apostle falls back upon his rights as a Roman citizen, and conscious of no offense against the Jewish faith or law, he refuses to be harassed by a "tribunal of unscrupulous and blood-thirsty ecclesiastics whose vociferous cries for his death had scarcely subsided," and says, "I appeal unto Caesar." He preferred to risk his cause with the imperial judgment at Rome, rather than rush into the fatal trap set by the Jewish Sanhedrin. This power of appeal was ensured to Roman citizens by the Valerian law, then suspended by the Decemviri, but solemnly re-established after their deposition, when it was decreed that it should be unlawful to make any magistrate from whom there did not lie an appeal. Festus must allow this appeal of Paul's, and king Agrippa, who was visiting Festus shortly after, having heard of the apostle's case, desired to see him before he was sent to Rome. Our lesson is an extract from Paul's remarkable address before the king.

Agrippa was a great grandson of Herod the Great, and Drasil's brother. On the death of his uncle Herod, he was made king of the northern principality of Chalcis. Claudius and Nero both added to this domain other cities and provinces. He ruled about fifty-one years.

I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise, etc. I am not a criminal. No charge against my correct citizenship can be proved. All attempts at this have been futile. But because I believe in the promise which is as old as our Jewish Scriptures, and have hope in that promise, I am brought to trial.

Paul's astute power of fitting his argument to the occasion, always appears in the addresses recorded. He does not bring forward, in the presence of Agrippa, any reference to Christ that would be offensive to him as a temporal ruler. He speaks of the "hope of the promise," which Agrippa would understand as referring to the faith which the apostle preached. He disallows all reason for Jewish hatred, as he declares that "our fathers," the ancient Jews, had been inspired with the same hope, into which he had entered as a Christian, and had seen fulfilled in Christ. "The single point of difference between him and his countrymen and the cause of their virulence against him, being, that his hope had found rest in One already come, while theirs still pointed to the future."

Unto which promise our twelve tribes . . . hope to come. They were scattered throughout the world; and yet everywhere they maintained the same worship, rested upon the same promises, looked to the future from one hope, with the ineradicable belief that this hope would some day be fulfilled. For the sake of this hope, that is, for his view of its fulfillment in Jesus Christ, he is now maligned and accused by his brethren, the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you? etc. The resurrection of Christ was, in Paul's preaching, a central truth. It was a well-attested fact. The only way for skeptics to oppose that fact was to plant themselves upon the incredulity of such an event. Paul therefore puts this question: If you believe at all in God as an omnipotent Spirit, why should you say it is impossible for Him to raise the dead? He simply asks this question, leaving them to answer in their own minds whether they would draw such limitations upon God as would exclude the resurrection.

I verily thought, I ought to do many things, etc. He relates again the story of his own hot zeal against the Church of Christ. He had been as decided an enemy as any, to the followers of Christ, but his hatred was from conscience. He had been as bad as any of the Pharisees who now sought his life, in outward acts.

Being exceedingly mad against them, etc. He was commissioned to his deadly work by the chief priests; he imprisoned the saints; he cast his vote upon their death; he made violent raids upon the synagogues where Christians gathered; he drove them to such despair that they blasphemed. Paul confesses the worst sins of his life. He knew that the old nature that was capable of such crimes was now dead, and he was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

As I went to Damascus with authority. Plunging along his course of utter intolerance, the whole torrent-like current of his life rushing against the cause of Christ, Saul seems an unlikely case for conversion.

We despair of sinners too easily. Do they seem set like a turbulent stream towards a fatal plunge? There is the example of this swift-riding persecutor. He was checked

and saved. "All things are possible" in the conversion of men since that scene on the Damascus road.

I saw in the way a light from heaven. This was the phenomenon. It is an analogue of the fact of conversion in the case of all who are saved from sin. Right in our way, while we are going wrong, light comes. It is supernatural illumination. The sun, science, philosophy, all sources of wisdom, look pale in comparison. It is from heaven. It floods us. It follows us. It reveals to us the Lord our Saviour.

When we were all fallen to the earth, etc. Prostrate in the dust, the whole company felt the overwhelming majesty of Him whom they could not see, hidden as He was by garments of dazzling glory.

I heard a voice speaking unto me—a voice of reproof, which pierced his conscience. This voice revealed the Person. Paul in some way recognized his Master, though he had never followed Him while on earth.

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. This persecution is wounding your own soul. Hard it is to drive madly against the sharpness of My truth, which is keener than a two-edged sword. Why persecute Me? It is no less a person than your Lord that you are fighting against.

Who art thou, Lord?—the question itself revealing his knowledge of Him who was speaking from the skies. It is a question of bewilderment. He wants to be assured that it is really Jesus who speaks.

I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. Paul's sins were shown to him by his Lord as not merely outrages upon the followers of Jesus, but as offenses against Himself. All sin is against God. Injury falls upon the sinner and upon his fellow-men, but the sin is chiefly against God, whose law is violated.

Rise, and stand upon thy feet! God does not require that penitence shall be a protracted torture. The prodigal found it to be the moment of deepest sorrow, but also the moment in which the grand resolve was born—"I will arise." The Lord wants men on their feet, after their knees have touched the altar reverently, and their hearts have been bathed in the cleansing waters of contrition.

I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, etc. God has a design for all His creatures. Paul had not been doing God's will. Life, to him, had been so far a failure. A new purpose was now to be planted in his soul—God's purpose. The persecutor was to be changed as to become a preacher. His life and service were henceforth to be for Christ and His truth. He was to witness, both to the remarkable event of his conversion, and also to the faith which was to be constantly increased and made clear in his own heart.

Delivering thee from the people, etc.—giving Paul an assurance that he would be safe among the dangers from false brethren and from Gentiles, until his work should be accomplished.

To open their eyes. Faith is vision. Blindness of heart is the reason for unbelief and sin. His mission was to restore sight to the spiritually sightless, by the preaching of Christ's miraculous Gospel.

From darkness to light, etc. Light had come into the world. Paul had now seen it. His whole business was to turn others to the same source from whence came his own illumination. From Satan's dark kingdom to the bright realm of God's truth, men were to be led by the apostle sent to the Gentiles.

By faith that is in me. He felt responsible that his faith should be a working power efficient in the conversion of others. Their forgiveness and the heavenly inheritance that they should receive, were in a measure dependent upon his faith. What a legacy was the apostle's faith been to the world!

I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. It was of divine authority. He understood its meaning. Conscience was enlightened. Obedience was the only way by which he could find peace. He had been fully convinced that his past life had been wrong. A new work was revealed to him. He proceeded to do it. Paul does not speak, in verse 20, of his stay in Arabia; but even there, we must believe, he was busy in his Lord's service.

## ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Bible Lesson Series, November 11.

1. Give an account of Paul's experience under the rule of Festus.
2. Who was Agrippa?
3. Why did Paul appeal to Caesar?
4. Was Paul right in making his own religious experiences the staple of his argument?
5. What was the "vision," and how did Paul show his obedience?

## "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

BY REV. SAMUEL CUTLER.

SECOND PAPER.

In a previous article, we have noticed the views set forth in a recent publication, with the above title, on the inspiration of the Bible. These were introductory to what purported to be the main design of the book, viz: a discussion of the nature and person of our Lord Jesus Christ. Denying the plenary or miraculous inspiration of the Bible, on page 44, the writer says: "Now let us see what this Book tells us about Christ. Whether it be authority or not, nothing else is authority. Whatever we know of Christ we learn

from this Book, and Christ is the burden of the Book. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

On pages 45, 46, we read: "It is to be noticed, first, that the two Evangelists who give an account of his birth and of his family agree in calling him the Son of God in a marked and mysterious sense. But excepting this I find in the first three gospels no intimation that Christ was God." On page 47, the author says: "But these three gospels, while not teaching the Deity of Christ, do teach his divinity." On pages 53, 54, we read: "With John we breathe a different atmosphere. The earlier writers were simple reporters. . . . John goes back to the beginning of all things, up to the heaven of heavens. . . . John declares that this Word which was made flesh and dwelt among us, and whose glory we had beheld, was the same Word which had made the worlds, which was in the beginning with God, which indeed was God."

Still through several pages the writer argues that Jesus is not God, but a messenger of love and salvation from the Father; culminating in the assertion (page 71) that "God the Father is alone called God." "Never is Jesus Christ called God." To support this claim, reference is made to 1 Cor. vii, 6, and 1 Tim. ii, 5, and the conclusion is, that "If Paul has authority, he surely represents the Father alone as the one supreme God" (page 72). A very strange conclusion, as it seems to us, in view of the premise, in view of texts subsequently quoted, and especially in view of passages to which we would call attention.

Now, on the authority of the Bible, we agree with the writer that Jesus was the Son of Man, and also the Son of God. Our Lord himself lays great stress upon the former, and prophets and apostles upon the latter, and on the same authority we believe in the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, "the only begotten Son of God," "conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the virgin Mary." We think the human mind is incapable of comprehending God under any human theory, for the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite (see page 105), and therefore if the Bible call Jesus Christ, God, and the Holy Ghost, God, then although there is but one God, we believe that God has thus manifested Himself to man.

The question at issue is, Does the Bible call Jesus Christ, God? On pages 81, 82, of the book we are noticing, the writer quotes from the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, verses one to six inclusive, and verse ten, which speak of the Sonship of Christ; but the eighth verse, which proclaims his Godhead, is omitted. It reads: "Unto the Son, He (God) saith, 'Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever!'" (See also Psalm xlv, 6, 7.)

Some nine hundred years before the advent of Jesus Christ, Isaiah, prophesying of His birth and kingdom, says (ix, 6): "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the ever-lasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Most wonderful prophecy, and if it does not declare the Deity of Jesus Christ, the God-man, the interpretation of the historic Church is at fault. And so, with the voice of the Church, and the version of the poet, we believe that, "Jesus is God! There never was a time when He was not; Boundless, eternal, merciful, The Word the Sire begot! Backward our thoughts through ages stretch, Onward through endless bliss— For there two eternities, And both alike are His."

Matthew (i, 23), in recording the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus, says: "Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet (Isaiah vii, 14), saying, 'Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us.' Dr. Barnes says: 'Matthew doubtless understands it as denoting that the Messiah was really 'God with us,' or that the divine nature was united with the human.'"

In the Epistle to the Romans (ix, 5), Paul, with reference to the Jews, writes: "Whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen!" See also, 1 Tim. i, 1; ii, 3; iv, 10, where Jesus Christ is called "God our Saviour," etc.; 2 Pet. i, 1, in the margin and text we have, "the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ;" 1 John v, 20: "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life."

Without multiplying the Bible evidence of the Deity of the Son of God, it certainly does appear from the texts now quoted, that He is by these writers "God," "the true God," "the mighty God," "the everlasting Father," "Emmanuel," "the God with us." And therefore the conclusions of the writer, based, it would seem, upon the statement (page 71), "Never is Jesus Christ called God," are entirely opposed to the fact.

Let us, then, take the Bible as our authority in searching after God. But let us take the whole Bible. No Scripture is of private interpretation. The Bible must be explained by the Bible if we would know its meaning; and if it is written, "Jesus Christ is the true God," and the Holy Ghost is called God (Acts v, 3, 4), and the attributes of God are applied to the Father, and

to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, oh let us not, in our prejudice, or our pride of intellect, set up the conclusions of our own reason against the inspired Record!

## The Family.

## TENT-MEETING.

BY LUCY MORRIS CHAFFER.

September 21, 1877.

A day of the long-dying summer— The tent on the still village street, Where the tread of each quiet in-comer Falls soft on the grass at his feet. The hush of expectancy broken In song; then the Book and the prayer; Good words of glad welcome are spoken, Of hope, invitation and cheer.

And now come the text and the preaching; The note is God's wonderful love, All height and all depth overreaching, Such as only could come from above. The hours are abundant in blessing; The words of the preachers inspire; And believers their Saviour confessing Renew consecration in prayer; Till, in hearts of petitioners blending, The joy of salvation upspringing, And gently the Spirit descending And hallowing baptism brings.

September 22.

Again are God's people united To worship and praise Him and pray, And perishing sinners invited To come to the Saviour to-day. How earnest the tones of the preacher! How rapidly arguments flow Beneath the rebuke of the Teacher, "Ye will not come unto Me" now! Oh, strong, irrefragable pleading! Oh, fervent, importunate prayer! His faithful ambassador heeding, Come, lost one, to Jesus repair! Ah! who, whom the Lord hath forgiven, Shall sit at his ease in the way Between men and the kingdom of heaven, If any should seek it to-day?

September 23.

Let every one join in the chorus Of praise to the Lord that is due For the heart-cheering hope set before us, And God-given victory now.

How truly the Saviour, God gave us,— The Lamb, the High Priest, and the Way.— To the uttermost able to save" us, Is preached and exalted to-day! So faithfully now He is offered, Dear, lingering sinner, to thee, So patiently mercy is proffered, Oh, hear the kind "Come unto Me." In the far or near future, who knoweth What growth from this seed may unfold? The tears, with the word that one soweth— Warm tears of the heart and the soul— Are promise of joy in the reaping. God's promise to him who believes; And he that now goeth forth weeping, Shall come again laden with sheaves.

Disciple of Jesus, awake thee! Thy Helper is He who hath said, "I never will leave nor forsake thee," "I'll gather thee, though from the dead." Led up on the mountains of vision, Gaze out over Jordan and see The beautiful land, the Elysian, That shall thine inheritance be! South Wilbraham, Mass., Oct. 7.

## A CAMP-MEETING IN VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. SARA KEABLES HUNT.

It has been our good fortune this summer to spend some time on the Eastern Shore of Virginia among the warm-hearted, hospitable people, and to join with them in a week of camp-meetings in one of their grand, old groves, up through whose branches have wafted for many a year the weird, pathetic camp-meeting hymns, earnest prayers, and joyful shouts of godly Methodist brethren.

Last there may be some of my readers who are not quite sure of the locality of this dear old Eastern Shore, let me tell them it is that part of the Old Dominion which lies between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic ocean extending from the island of Chincoteague to Cape Charles. A little peninsula, but on it are some of the greatest farms in the world, and from this fertile ground the sweet potato—one of its chief productions—reaches perfection. Thousands and thousands of barrels are shipped to northern cities. Let a young man on this shore secure himself a sensible little wife and a good potato land, and he may consider himself on the road to fortune, or, as his neighbors would say, "I reckon he'll do right smart." It is a rather novel sight for northern eyes to see the carts going and coming in the traffic on busy days, driven by some colored uncle, who sings, as he jogs along, some of those quaint, old negro melodies: "Swing low, sweet chariot," and "Roll, Jordan, roll!"

But we are stopping too long in the sweet potato field, and we must hasten on. After leaving the broad, beautiful bay, we drive through the country over well-kept roads, past fertile fields, through rich forests, by rippling waters, under lofty pines, past negro huts and dear old Virginia homes, passing school-houses and churches, until we reach the grove assigned for the meetings—one of the most beautiful on the Shore. Here in the centre, shaded by canvas and evergreen boughs, are the pulpit and seats sufficient to accommodate vast numbers, and around these are built neat plank tents, some sixty in number, looking, as the children said, like play-houses, with their sloping roofs and wide-open doors, in and out of which happy faces gleam, colored servants sit to and fro, and prettily-dressed, bright-eyed children frolic. The scene is very picturesque, especially at night, when the lanterns in the bower are lit and the camp-fires are all burning brilliantly; or in the bright morning when the call for prayer sounds, and the different families assemble together around one family altar, to seek God's blessings on the day.

How swiftly the hours fled! What sermons were preached, what prayers echoed through that grand, old forest, and ascended to the throne of God! How many will look back to these golden hours as the brightest of their lives, when they first sought a Saviour's love, and through the deep woods came the words, "He that seeketh Me shall find Me." One singular circumstance occurred at one time among the penitents: Four brothers were kneeling together, side by side, seeking the way of eternal life. But the influence of those sermons must not be judged by the visible number of penitents or converts produced by them. Like the dear old lady who, on being asked at the church door after service if the "sermon was finished," replied, "No, sir, it has just begun!" so we believe of these camp-meetings. The tents are struck, the busy feet are gone each to their separate paths, the faces have vanished, the birds alone sing in the old pine-trees, but the sermons have just begun; and, treading life's highway, many a one who listened to their impassioned fervor will recall them in after years, and again will come floating over their memories those sweet hymns and the earnest appeals to wandering hearts, until they can resist no longer, and, kneeling before God, they will give Him their hearts and thank Him for that Eastern Shore camp-meeting.

As I recall the many powerful sermons to which I listened there, the memory comes of a voice which will speak to us no more on this shadowed earth; for since those bright days when Dr. Duncan—so well known and beloved not only in the Randolph Macon College of which he was president, but by every heart that knew him—stood up before that vast, swarming crowd, and held it with a wondrous power, God, in His all-wise providence, has silenced those earnest, impassioned tones, and the warm heart is still forever. His life was one of great purity and unselfish devotion to others. A look of sadness in the eyes of a fellow-being called forth his earnest sympathy. He was a man of unusual ability and eloquence, one who could enchain the minds of a multitude by the force of his oratory, and yet who could win a little child's heart by a word, or a glance of his kind eyes. May God comfort those who mourn his death—comfort them tenderly—and may his last, earnest words that rang out through those old Virginia pines, still echo in the hearts of the hearers, leading them nearer to heaven!

May blessings follow the influence of the camp-meetings, and as the breezes from the broad, blue bay and the pure winds from the ocean conspire to render the land rich and flowing with health and wealth, so may God's Spirit sweep over His people, and fill them with true devotion to Himself! May her young men be temperate and noble, her women true followers of Jesus, and all her people so live that they may meet in the fields of heaven, in one great camp-meeting in which the tents shall never be struck, no friend go out to return no more, and none shall say farewell as we now say to these, dear old Eastern Shore!

## LET'S PLAY.

O the blessed and wise little children! What sensible things they say! When they can't have the things they wish for, They take others, and cry, "Let's play!" "Let's play" that the chairs are big coaches, And the sofa a railroad car, And that we are all taking journeys, And traveling ever so far.

"Let's play" that this broken old china Is a dinner-set rare and fine, And our tin cups filled with water Are goblets of milk and wine!

"Let's play" every one of our dollies Is alive and can go to walk, And keep up long conversations With us if we want to talk.

"Let's play" that we live in a palace, And that we are queens and kings; "Let's play" we are birds in a tree-top, And can fly about on wings.

"Let's play" that we are school-keepers, And grown people come to our school, And then punish them all soundly, If they break but a single rule.

O the blessed and wise little children! What sensible things they say, And we might be happy as they are, If we would be happy their way.

What odds twixt not having and having, When we have lived out our day! Let us borrow the children's watch-words— The magical watch-words, "Let's play!"

## THREE GIRLS.

BY F. H. S.

In conversation one day, mention was made of the fact that Ellen had been placed in a prominent position in the Sunday-school in her vicinity.

Said one, "I hardly see how a girl so modest and retiring as Ellen, could consent to take such a position."

"Yes," said an intimate friend, who knew Ellen well, "she is modest and retiring; she would never thrust herself forward, but she always has courage for whatever she is convinced is duty."

Such a "good name" as this is what I covet for my girl readers who have "tasted of the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come."

Alice was at school when she learned to trust Jesus as her Saviour. One of the first hard questions she had to meet was, "How shall I write of this to my friends at home?" She believed she should have her

mother's sympathy, but her father was an opposer of experimental religion, and for a time it seemed that she could not tell them of the change that had come to their daughter.

But a little consideration showed her that she must not thus refuse to acknowledge her Saviour, and she wrote her news, and waited with trembling for the answer.

It came with her mother's hearty approval, but what she specially prized was this paragraph: "Father says, tell Alice he is glad she has taken the step she has, though he has not set her the example."

Thus the hard duty, done in the strength of grace, brought its own peculiar and unexpected sweetness.

Rose was staying one night at a neighbor's house. The door of the bed-room was left open into the next room, where there was a coal fire. By some mistake the stove was so left that the gas escaped, and poisoned the air of the rooms.

During the night she was partially roused by the groans and uneasiness of the little girl who was sleeping with her.

She tried to do something for the child, but found herself so nearly paralyzed, that she could at first scarcely make a motion or a sound. Her mind, like her body, aroused slowly and with difficulty. She soon got the idea that something was suffocating them, and her first thought was of the little girl at her side. How great a blow it would be to her parents if they found her dead in the morning, and how sad an ending it would be to the young life!

At first she did not think of herself, but finally the thought came, "Probably I am dying."

With the thought came the solemnity which is always proper in the presence of death. As well as she could command her powers, she reviewed the past, thought of her present circumstances, and looked upward, inquiring, "Is all right?" And the answer came, with God's peace satisfying the spirit, "Yes, all is well."

She at last succeeded in rousing the family, and their lives were saved.

But what if this had been the last hour, as it might so easily have been? What is it worth to have an assurance like hers, if, at such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man should come?

Is it hard, in view of this, that Jesus asks meekness, gentleness, long-suffering, self-denial, patient continuance in well-doing?

I am glad a task to me is given To labor at day by day, For it gives me health and strength and hope, And I learn to cheerfully say, "Head, you may think; heart, you may feel; But hand, you must work away." L. M. ALCOTT.

## THE REASON OF HIS BITTERNESS.

Those who have been connected with evangelical Churches, and have backslidden, frequently become skeptical and the most bitter in their denunciation of Christians and religious truth. One of these men, traveling on a Western railroad, attacked a stranger whom he took to be a deacon, and was very free in his abuse of Christian men and revival efforts. This was borne for some time, when the assailant was asked,—

"Have you ever been a Church member?"

"I am not a Church member," he replied.

"I asked you if you ever had been a Church member."

"Why do you ask that question?"

"You have been very free with me, calling me deacon, and charging me and Christians generally, with being hypocrites and unworthy of confidence; and said many hard things of Church members. If you will answer the question, I will tell you why I asked it."

"Well—yes! I was a member of a Church, but they excommunicated me; and I have felt a very strong dislike to them ever since."

"I see you manifest a great dissatisfaction, and I suppose Satan has been in the same state of uneasiness ever since he was expelled from heaven. From your manifest uneasiness I supposed you had been a Church member, and therefore asked you for confirmation of it."

The man straightened up and left the car. He was well known to the other travelers, and when they asked the deacon why he thought the man had been a Church member, he replied: "When one has tasted the good Word of God and apostatized, it makes a very devil incarnate of him and marks his hostility to the truth." C.

"HE GIVETH MORE GRACE,"

JAMES IV, 5-6.

BY E. CHENEY, M. D.

"more grace," therefore, becomes our rich outfit, to conquer self, the world and the devil, and to gain heaven, or it becomes the millstone which is to sink us forever and forever. Let the un-renewed reader haste to comply with the overtures of mercy and now be saved.

The following lines are offered as a feeble comment upon the subject:— Behold the Lord, the Saviour, stands; He bids us come, holds out His hands; The evil tide within us turns Till all our soul with glory burns; And then repeats to you and me: More grace I give to thee.

The strong man on his strength relies, And in that strength attempts the skies; But God resists such proud of heart, Nor will He from His word depart: No soul shall e'er My kingdom see, Not first by grace made free.

God gives His grace to humble souls, Who steadfast faith their life controls,— How great that grace, oh, who can tell, Who do not in the Saviour dwell? Come, then, lost one, come bow the knee, There's grace on grace for thee.

Submit to God; behold His call, You rich, you wise, you great, and small; How dare you still opposing stand? Repeat, obey His best command! His grace out-measures all the sea— The grace He proffers thee.

There's grace for you who are distressed, And by the tempter sorely pressed; His subtle voice you need not heed, There's grace to help in time of need; Resist the devil and he'll flee, For God will rescue thee.

Up then, O child of earthly woe, And swiftly to the Saviour go! He comes to meet you on the way, And to your drooping spirit say,—"My grace—all grace is found in Me— That grace I'll give to thee."

For Thee, O Lord, all else be lost, Who didst for me endure the cross; 'Tis now with full consent I come And take in Thee the promised home, To praise through all eternity Thy grace, Thy grace to me.

## THE BENEFIT OF LAUGHING.

Dr. Greene, in his "Problem of Health," says there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges, tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make their prescription more with reference to the mind, and less to drugs for the body; and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effect upon the patient.

Packing packing boxes, Country goods, constructed on used for m, is formed each, about one half w, depth, and for consum, with thin in cases of ing out of for either the rest."

It is very ularity with autumn the color frost has been It has, ind New Eng changed, a night, so th window in surprised world well transform with the n whole affair of Jack Fie this prestid the apple, vet peach, Many year out by an e that the go leaf came ripening; ally studied comes bac year, show with truth, by the voz however de

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But we w rietty of the country. T that, while forty tree, no less than Hence our tree that

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

## JOHN AND THE POSTAGE STAMP.

John was the boy who "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small, rocky farm among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the wood-box, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done duty, and was henceforth useless. "The postmaster missed his aim then



The Farm and Garden.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

How gently falls the fading light,  
The Autumn's sunset veil,  
While dusky grows the waning flight  
Of whilp-poor-will and quail.  
The grain is bound, the nuts are brown  
On every wooded hill;  
The light is softened on the down,  
And silvered on the rill.  
The partridge drums; the plover's call  
Salutes the sportsman's ear,  
And just above the water-fall  
The fisher sets his weir.  
The reddened leaves with withered wings  
Sweep lightly to the sod,  
And Autumn walks the land and sings,  
With rustling sandals shod.  
—*Scribner for October.*

USEFUL HINTS.

*(Collected from the Boston Journal of Chemistry.)*  
**Lime Dust for Trees.**—The following has been recommended as the best mode of preparing lime dust for elms, mildew, etc.: Take a peck of fresh or sharp lime, broken up into small pieces, and add to it four pounds of flour sulphur. Add one third as much boiling water, or just enough to slack the lime to dry powder, and cover the vessel as soon as the water is poured on. By adding water it may be made into an excellent whitewash for trees, the sulphur increasing its efficacy.

**To destroy Vegetable Growth on Walls.**—To clear a wall of mosses, lichens, and fungi, apply with a brush an aqueous solution of one per cent. carbolic acid. After an hour or two the dead vegetation may be washed off with clean water.

**A Hint of the Use of Fertilizers.**—Mr. Peter Henderson urges the importance of pulverizing finely and mixing thoroughly with absorbents all concentrated manures, such as guano, in order to obtain the best effects. He recommends adding to every bushel of the fertilizer three bushels of leaf-mould, pulverized muck, etc., or, in their absence, common garden soil—the material to be as dry as it can be made. He would also turn and mix all the ingredients at least twice before using. He says that a successful market gardener finds that twelve hundred pounds of guano mixed with two tons of garden soil, sown over the ground after ploughing, and then harrowed in, are fully equal to two thousand pounds of guano used without mixing.

**Packing Butter.**—A neat way of packing butter is thus described in the *Country Gentleman*: "A mould is constructed on the same principle as one used for moulding brick, and the butter is formed into bricks of one pound each, about five inches long, one and one half wide and one and one half in depth, and thus of very convenient size for consumption. Each brick is covered with thin muslin, and packed with salt in cases of any desired size. The taking out of one or more cakes at a time, for either use or sale, does not disturb the rest."

AUTUMNAL TINTS.

It is very curious to observe the regularity with which we are told in the autumn that "the first frost will change the color of the leaves," whereas the frost has nothing to do with the change. It has, indeed, sometimes happened in New England that the foliage has changed, as if by magic, in a single night, so that, upon looking out of the window in the morning, the eye was surprised with the spectacle of the world well-nigh on fire; and since this transformation took place in connection with the mercury at a low point, the whole affair is referred to the agency of Jack Frost. But why not refer to this prestidigitator the glowing tints of the apple, the rich crimson of the velvet peach, and the purple of the plum? Many years ago this error was pointed out by an eminent botanist, who showed that the gorgeous color of the autumn leaf came in the regular process of ripening; and, though botany is generally studied in schools, the old notion comes back with the beavers every year, showing that error, in common with truth, especially when supported by the *vox populi*, will "rise again," however desperately crushed to earth.

Leaves find their parallel in man, as already observed, and, like the human species, they may ripen suddenly. If, however, any one chooses to make a mystery of the intensity of the autumnal colors, there should be no great difficulty in explaining the variety. Indeed, the apparent superiority over the strength of color in the foliage of the continent of Europe may be attributed chiefly to this variety. In Great Britain the climate is evidently unfavorable to the production of bright frost-tints, but in parts of Germany the brilliancy of certain kinds of leaves is quite equal to that of the corresponding varieties in North America. At the same time the greens of Europe are quite different from those of our own land, where, beginning with a burnt green in the South, we pass northward along the Atlantic seaboard, reaching the true green of the greatest of the hay-producing States, the State of Maine. Every one has noticed the unparalleled green of the "Emerald Isle," which becomes a pale sea-green in Scotland, a whitish-green in the south of England, and in France—only to change to an ashen-green in Germany, and a sombre olive in the Italian States.

But we were remarking upon the variety of the autumnal tints in our own country. This is explained by the fact that, while in Europe there are only thirty trees that attain to a height of thirty feet, in North America there are no less than one hundred and forty. Hence our forests flash like the planet-tree that "the Persian adorned with

his mantles and jewels."—From *Appleton's Journal* for November.

EXPLORATION IN PALESTINE.

*(Abstract of a Lecture, by Rev. Seth Merrill, condensed from report in Boston Journal.)*  
Beyrout, in Syria, he described as a beautiful seaport town, and said that its remarkable growth is worthy of comparison with that of our own cities. The gardens and orange groves of the region and in the region of Joppa or Jaffa were enlarged, and it was stated that the soil is so rich that furlongs of a mile in length are turned. In the Lebanon mountains is a large vein of iron, eight miles long and two miles wide, containing the purest ore. There are large and fine beds of lava in the country, and one of the grandest castles in the world is here. The decay of the lava recompenses the drain made upon the soil. South of the Dead Sea is an immense range of rock salt. In these and other respects the country is a highly favored one.

There is another respect in which the Holy Land is highly favored, namely, in its climate and scenery. In order to show this the lecturer took his hearers upon five journeys. The first was along the Phœnician coast, the tropical Jerusalem, through the wild and mountainous country. The third was down the valley of the Jordan. Here the atmosphere in summer is stifling, but in winter the valley is clothed with flowers and the air is soft and mild. The banks of the river are bordered with jungles, and the soil of the valley is lush and exuberant with growth. The air is full of living things, and instead of the hum of insects he would rather speak of the "year" of the insects. The fourth journey was through the forests on the hills of Gilead, and in pasture lands, where is park-like scenery. The fifth journey was through the plains of Bashan, which is a high table-land—one vast natural wheat field which, with encouragement and protection to labor, would give wealth to the country. Each of these districts has features distinct from those of the other.

The eastern part of Palestine is comparatively unknown. It was fertile and populous in ancient times. The speaker alluded with pleasure to the fact that his explorations supported as historical facts many of the statements of Scripture. As an instance he spoke of the trouble which has been caused students of the Bible in regard to the number who were said to have entered into the Promised Land. The fertile region has an area of about 6,000 square miles. Before the people now there were the Christians, before them the Romans, and before them the Nabatheans, a people who were able to meet with vigor the disciplined armies of Greece. Before these there were the Canaanites, and relics of them have been found. There are numerous evidences that the country had frequently been invaded and despoiled of much riches. Then there are numbers of ruined towns, the characters of which show that the towns were massively and beautifully built. From the Castle of Salcha thirty ruined towns can be counted, and from several other points great ruins, from 12 to 40 in number, may be seen. A town consists of from 600 to 1,000 houses, all of which are of stone. In other regions also there are these remains. There is no other part of the earth which compares with Palestine in this matter of ruined towns, in many of which are large churches and monasteries. The lecturer also described great forts which are to be found in the country. All these facts were adduced to show that there was evidently great wealth and culture among the people holding the country previous to its conquest by the children of Israel. The Roman ruins were alluded to, as being of great length and remarkable excellence in construction. Inscriptions were next spoken of, the number being large. The excellence of the ancient works for purposes of irrigation was shown, and the speaker said that they might have been the production of the Romans, but were more probably the work of an anterior people, and at any rate prove that the country had resources sufficient to meet the demands of the hosts of Israel.

Passing on, the vicissitudes through which the country has passed were dwelt upon, and the cause of the present miserable condition of the people was declared to be Moslem rule. Before the conquest by the Moslems the country was inhabited by an industrious people, who were killed off or driven away, their land being reduced almost to a desert by fire and sword. An interesting description of one of the ruined and deserted towns was given, the town being in the midst of a desert. The remains of what were probably churches were found, and many of the houses had crosses on the lintels. The city was evidently the home of early Christians who had been driven away by the Moslems. In this connection Mr. Merrill described the Turkish government in scathing terms, saying that it is but a gang of robbers. It is ruining the country and the people by draining taxes for which no adequate return is made. The people at the present time have given their all, and there is almost a famine in Syria. Still the officials go about demanding an increase of taxes. The government is in this robbing its own subjects, and the course, if persisted in, will reduce the whole country to a desert. Contrasting with this state of affairs what the government might do in developing the resources of the country, the lecturer said that to do this is contrary to the genius of Moslemism, which makes progress only in the art of war.

**CAUTION TO THOSE GOING WEST.**  
An intelligent writer in the *Central*, a Presiding Elder in the South Kansas Conference, gives these words of caution to parties proposing to settle in Kansas, and at the same time exposes an unhappy fallacy, viz., that the farther one goes from civilization, the better the land: "New-comers can winter cheaply in Kansas this year. Land is still cheap, and really cheaper in the eastern than in the western part of the State. The rush has been on the line of the K. P. R. R., and up the Arkansas on the line of the A. T. & Santa Fe R. R. But these settlers find themselves much further from market and wholly at the mercy of these monopolies to get their produce to the place of sale, while there are millions of acres of good land east of the middle of the State that can be bought as cheaply; where the school and Church privileges are much greater, with coal, wood and water in abundance; and yet have the choice of two or three railroads to market. If persons coming to Kansas to buy lands would examine the lands of the Neosho, Fall River, Verdigris, Elk, and the Canaan, before they go so far West, they would do much better."

The above is warmly endorsed by our excellent brother, Rev. J. D. Knox, of Topeka, Kansas.

Obituaries.

Mrs. ELIZABETH A. MORSE died of consumption at Lowell, Mass., June 5, 1877, aged 71 years.  
She was born in Henniker, N. H. She married and lived in Hopkinton, N. H., until 1840, when she moved to Lowell, Mass. She was the mother of Revs. Horace S. and Frank C. Morse, of the New England Conference, and of a daughter long and favorably known in the Worthen Street Church, with which they have been connected for many years, who alone of the children survives to mourn her loss.

Left a widow at the early age of 42 years, with three children to train and educate, she has wrought her life-work for them. She was modest, prudent, industrious, and deeply devoted to the welfare of her children. She was a consistent Christian, gentle and unobtrusive in manner, rich in experience, and faithful in Christian duty. Many Christian graces shone beautifully in her life.

The last three years she suffered from the effects of gastric fever. Her final illness was but of three weeks' duration. Patient and uncomplaining, sweetly trusting in Jesus, and her tenderest sympathies entwined around her daughter's heart, she passed her last hours in the bosom of her dear ones, and her spirit was gently taken to rest.  
GEO. WHITTAKER, Westfield, Mass.

LEVI GOODALE was born in Weare, N. H., March 21, 1797, and died at Hillsboro, June 11, 1877, aged 80 years.  
A good and true man has gone to his rest. Father Goodale came to Hillsboro about sixty years ago, where he has since resided until his death. His religious life began about fifty years ago, under the labors of Rev. Guy Buckley. As this man of God was prospecting in the vicinity, he found cold and harsh treatment from many. Tired and hungry, he came to the door of Father Goodale, and told his story. Here he found sympathy and aid. From that hour Father G.'s house was the itinerant's home.

But, more than this, he took also the itinerant's Master to his own heart-home, was baptized in His name, and was to form the first Methodist class in town. He was respected and loved wherever known. For many years he held business offices in town, besides for several years occupying a seat in the State legislature. Trust funds were often placed in his hands, and there was never a breath of suspicion to mar his reputation for integrity. Christ was his guide through life, and his support in death. His end was peace.  
H. C.

ALVAH S. HOWE was born in Gardiner, Mass., Aug. 13, 1837.  
His training by godly parents led him in early life to give his heart to Christ, and from his conversion to his death, he lived an earnest Christian life. He graduated at Amherst in 1862, and adopted teaching as a profession. Many will remember him as a teacher in the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham. For the last three years he had been in Woodstock, Vt., where he was engaged in his profession and his Christian usefulness, he was much respected and greatly beloved. His illness was brief. He died the death of the righteous, Sept. 4, 1877.  
C.

Died, in Barnardston, Aug. 29, Mrs. FRANCES S. WELLS, aged 32 years.  
From a child she loved the Sunday-school, but lived unsaved till Sept. 2, 1870, when she was happily converted to God. She was ready and full connection by Rev. Dr. Thayer, in October, 1871. She was an affectionate daughter, always kind and loving, and always appearing desirous of doing good to all. She was married twice, and at her death leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss. Her parents also feel deeply their bereavement, as she was the youngest of the family, and had so long been the object of their earnest prayers and of their greatest solicitude. She is gone, but parents and loving ones mourn not as those who have no hope.  
I. MARCY.

Died, in Barnardston, Oct. 5, HESTER BAGO, wife of Brother Egges Bagg, aged 83 years.  
Her family name was Rogers, and her father was a Baptist minister of great usefulness, who lived to be almost one hundred years of age. She was the youngest child of her father, and was born in 1794. She was a devoted Christian, and was long a member of the Baptist Church, where they were young, but having fellowship for all Christians, some thirty years ago they changed their Church relations, and since that time have been in pleasant relations with the M. E. Church. She was a woman of great sweetness of life, and much was her consistency that many who knew her were disposed to say she had lived a spotless life. Her husband mourns greatly her departure, but God gives him grace to bear up under the trial.  
I. MARCY.

SARAH G. HODGKINS died in Riverdale, Mass., Sept. 22, aged 70 years.  
Sister H. experienced religion in the labors of Rev. John Bailey, in 1835. At that time a glorious work of grace was in operation in Gloucester Town Parish, now Riverdale; also in the Harbor, and at other places near by. During this revival Sister H. gave her heart to the Lord, and never took back. Over forty years she journeyed on towards the heavenly country. She was the mother of eleven children, five of whom are still living. She was a kind neighbor, ever ready to help those who stood in need of help, and would run at any call. She was a hard worker, a member of the Church, and one who never disgraced her profession. "Aunt Sally" has gone—gone to the land of the blessed, where the toils of life are all forgotten amid the songs of redeemed souls. May her surviving children meet her in the world of promise!  
W. WILKIE.

Died, in Exeter, N. H., Feb. 15, 1877, Miss NANCY STAPLE, aged 79 years.  
The deceased was born in Newmarket, N. H.; was converted in Portsmouth when about eighteen years of age, where she united with the M. E. Church; but in a few months returned to her native place, and was identified with the early history of the M. E. Church in that town. For more than sixty years the M. E. Church was her spiritual home, and but few of its members manifested more devotion. Her honor and success of the Church of her choice. For years she suffered greatly from indigestion, but bore her sufferings with a good degree of Christian fortitude and cheerfulness until the Master called her home to rest and joy.  
New Canaan, N. H. M. S.

"THE SURE WITNESS."

"The nineteenth century is the age of novels," remarks a literary historian. He might have added with equal truth, "and to a less extent, the age of medicine." The forms of disease, its causes, its progress, and its cure, have been passed off on us for native refinement, the forms of devotion for its essence, and speculation for science, until we look askance at every new person or thing, and to an assertion of facts, invariably exclaim, "Prove it!" In brief, Satan has made himself so omnipresent, that we look for his cloven foot everywhere—even in a bottle of medicine. Imagine a lady, having a complexion so pallid that you would deny her claims to the Caucasian type if her features did not conform to it, purchasing her first bottle of the Golden Medical Discovery. The one dollar is paid in the very identical manner in which Mr. Taylor might be expected to purchase a lottery ticket with his experience with "No. 104,531" with this difference, his doubt would be the result of personal experience, while hers would be founded on what a certain practitioner (who has been a live year trying to correct her refractory liver) has said concerning it. At home, she examines the bottle half suspiciously, tastes of its contents carefully, takes the prescribed dose more carefully and then proceeds to watch the result with as much anxiety as a practitioner would count the pulse-beats of a dying man. She takes another dose, and another, and shows the bottle to her friends, telling them she "feels better." Her skin loses its bilious tint, her eyes regain their lustre, her complexion brightens, and the fact that she purchases another bottle is a sure witness that she has found the Golden Medical Discovery to be a reliable remedy for the disease indicated. The lady wisely resolves that in future her estimate of any medicine will be based upon a personal knowledge of its effects, and not upon what some practitioner (who always makes good bills) has written in letters from hundreds of the largest wholesale and retail druggists in the United States stating that at the present time there is a great demand for the Golden Medical Discovery, and that it is the best and cheapest work ever offered to the American people.

Dr. J. C. STEVENS, SENECA FALLS, N.Y., 1876.

Dear Sir:—As you are an entire stranger to me, I want you to know what VEGETINE has done for me. Only this I can tell you: I feel like a new man. I can now do the work of a good medicine. I am 56 years of age. Three years ago I was taken sick with what the doctors called "catarrh of the stomach." I was confined to my bed. I had no appetite. I was a great sufferer. Finally I became desperate. The last doctor told me that I was no hope; he said he might possibly save my life, but he would not guarantee it. I then read of VEGETINE, and I bought a bottle. Before I had used it a week I felt like a new man. I could now do my work. I was cured. My son went to the doctor and told him that I was cured. He said that I was a good man. I am now 56 years of age. I feel like a new man. I can now do the work of a good medicine. I am 56 years of age. Three years ago I was taken sick with what the doctors called "catarrh of the stomach." I was confined to my bed. I had no appetite. 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